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SAMUEL MERRILL.

WHATEVER differences of opinion may exist as to the intellectual character of President Grant, he has demonstrated one great truth, at any rate; and that is, as wittily put by a daily journal, that though there is a time for public speaking, it is not all the time. The vice of our statesmanship has been the abuse of oratory. We say the abuse of oratory, because the use of that art is a gift which any statesman may be proud to possess; for it is a means of influence legitimate and powerful. In the earlier days of the Republic, and to this day in the South, the stump was a principle means of political education. What of politics the people did not thence learn, they learned from the reports of speeches in Congress. The ideas of political rights and of political economy of thousands of excellent elderly gentlemen now living are based on these flimsy foundations. Such being the school in which the ideas of statesmanship were supposed to be taught how to shoot, it is little wonder it was filled to overflowing, or that a great majority of the graduates have turned out to be failures. We have plenty of public

men who can stand on their legs and make their tongues wag, but very few who can be called orators, without needlessly insulting the English language. There are not more than six men in both houses of Congress who are genuine orators. Mr. Fessenden is a very great debater; he has great knowledge of affairs, intellectual movements quick as lightning, and enough of dyspepsia to make him completely remorseless in retort. Mr. Trumbull is a great lawyer, and can make a stronger, clearer legal argument than any other senator. But his speeches are better read than heard. Mr. Sumner delivers a magnificent address, and is sometimes fairly eloquent. But since the death of Senator Baker, of California, the voice of eloquence has been seldom heard in the Senate Chamber, and then in voices cracked and spoiled by the demon of ram. In the House of Representatives there is no man a better speaker than General Logan, though Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, is a far more fiery orator, whilst Mr. Voorhees, the distinguished democrat of Indiana, surpasses either in the strength of his argumentation and the vigor of his invective. But you will

listen in vain there for eloquence such as came from the lips of Corwin, or of Henry Winter Davis, or of Owen Lovejoy; or such as nearly all Illinoisans have heard from the lips of Robert G. Ingersoll. The speeches of our public men generally, whether listened to or read in report, are mostly bores to well informed people. "The reason you make so much poorer a speech than so-and-so," we heard a gentleman once remark to a friend who had just made a talk fit for the gods, "is because it is so much better." He was above the crowd all the time, and the other man won the applause because he tickled the prejudices of an ignorant audience. It is this kind of stump stuff of which our people, as they have become more intelligent, have become heartily sick, and, a higher grade of oratory not being developed among politicians, have begun to look around for their public servants among men who have not expended their energies in this windy way.

Among the several eminent men of the Northwest whom this popular wisdom of looking for works rather than words has placed in distinguished official position, is Colonel SAMUEL MERRILL, Governor of the State of Iowa. For this position he received the nomination of the Republican party in 1867, to succeed Governor Stone, by many thought the best stump orator in the State, but who had in some respects failed in the management of the affairs of his office; and defeating two or three gentlemen of considerable forensic reputation, one of whom had been in Congress, and there distinguished for the pugnacity of his words. The acknowledged success with which he has administered the affairs of his office, and aided the prosperity of the prosperous commonwealth of Iowa, has demonstrated the wisdom of his nomination. The predecessors of his own party in the office were men of noted

ability as politicians—James W. Grimes, since United States Senator; Ralph P. Lowe, since of the Supreme Court of the State; Samuel J. Kirkwood, since United States Senator; William M. Stone—but it is believed neither of them excelled Governor MERRILL in any essential respect as chief magistrate, while in some important respects he stands confessedly at the head of the list.

SAMUEL MERRILL was born in the town of Turner, Oxford county, Maine, August 7, 1822; and is, therefore, at this time, in the full prime of manhood. He is claimed by the young men as a representative man of the "Young America" element in his party—a claim which can readily be admitted, seeing that there is not, and never has been, a single old fogey in the radical party of Iowa. When young MERRILL was about sixteen years of age, the family removed to Buxton, where he went to school, and where he became a teacher also. He directed his studies in this direction, and after reaching the age of legal majority, proceeded to the South with the view of teaching. The doctrines of the abolitionists had already aroused a considerable feeling of fear and spirit of persecution in the South, and the young man from Maine discovered that his abolition sentiments were a complete bar to employment. He therefore returned to Maine, and successfully engaged in farming a few years; and in 1847 removed to Tannworth, New Hampshire, where, with a brother, he carried on a mercantile business. In this, as he had been in farming, he was successful. Honest, sagacious, energetic, his worldly affairs prospered steadily and surely, none the less so because his manners were pleasing and his nature generous. He took an active but not noisy part in politics. In 1854 he was elected to the Legislature of New Hampshire, and again in 1855. In this latter year Mr. MERRILL

had the pleasure of voting for Mr. Hale for United States Senator, to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Atherton, who had died; but, though the period was one of unusual political interest on account of the recent passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and the political changes, eventuating in revolution, thereby produced, Mr. Merrill continued in the even tenor of his way, exerting considerable influence in legislation, but making no sensation.

In 1856 Mr. MERRILL removed to the town of McGregor, Iowa—then, as now, a queer looking place, narrow and long; then inconsiderable in population and trade, now quite a large city, of extensive business. Here he and his brother engaged in selling goods. As the town and the country round about increased in population, their business increased, and at last the house thus established became one of the most prosperous and extensive wholesale establishments on the upper Mississippi River. In the conduct of his business, Mr. MERRILL was prompt and exceedingly energetic, as well as correct. In his social relations he was genial. Himself a strict Congregationalist, he was liberal in opinion and benevolent in disposition. No man in McGregor contributed more to churches and schools than he. No man labored more earnestly for the good of the town. Without himself knowing it, perhaps, he became very popular with the people. In 1859 he was nominated for the House of Representatives of the State, by the Republicans of his county. He was absent from home at the time, and knew nothing of his nomination till some time afterwards. Business prevented him from taking personal part in the campaign; nevertheless he was elected, whilst his colleagues on the ticket were defeated—a result due to the unusual personal esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens.

The Legislature to which Mr. MER-

RILL was thus elected is remembered in Iowa for the unusual number of men of marked ability among its membership, its extraordinary political debates, and the quantity of legislative work done. In the Senate there was Cyrus Bussey, a fine parliamentary speaker, afterwards distinguished as a Union general; there was William F. Coolbaugh, uncommonly clear and adroit in debate, now distinguished among the eminent financiers of the country, the well known President of the Union National Bank of Chicago; there was Alvin Saunders, a large man with a small voice, since a successful Governor of Nebraska; there was James F. Wilson, chairman of the most important committee of the body, now famous as the late Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington; there was Thomas Drummond, a descendant of Pocahontas, as straight and as implacable as an Indian, who became a noted officer of the regular army, and was slain by nearly the last bullet of the war, just before the surrender of Lee to Grant; there was L. L. Ainsworth, known in Iowa for his resemblance to Abraham Lincoln in human beauty and storytelling, now a prominent man in the party of the minority; there was John Scott, who overwhelmed every opponent either with wit or with Scripture, and who has since been Lieutenant-Governor; there were Rankin, Udell, Anderson, Neal, Thompson, Bowen, David S. Wilson, McPherson, Duncombe, and others since prominent in the military history or the politics of the State. Over the Senate presided Nicholas J. Rusch, a German, whose want of complete knowledge of parliamentary rules was more than compensated for by the exhaustless store of his sparkling wit, and the chivalric courtesy of his demeanor. In the House there were still more men of surpassing talents—Clay Caldwell, now a judge of one of the United

States courts, then a young lawyer of astonishing powers of debate and of legislative work; Thomas W. Claggett, without whom it would be difficult to imagine how the democratic ship in Iowa could be navigated at all, even to the inevitable annual shipwreck; J. C. Hall, "the father of the House," than whom there is no man more distinguished in the legal annals of the State; A. H. Bereman, afterwards the undoubted leader of a subsequent House; M. B. Bennett, the ablest debater the democracy has sent on to the Iowa hustings; Benjamin F. Gue, since Lieutenant-Governor, then a practical and influential member; Nathaniel B. Baker, who had been Governor of New Hampshire when Mr. MERRILL had entered the Legislature of that State, and who, like MERRILL, had been elected to this Iowa Legislature by a county opposed to him in politics; Ed Wright, who knew all the rules of parliamentary law like the alphabet, who has since been Speaker, and is now Secretary of State; Rush Clark, who has also since been Speaker, and came near being a Representative in Congress; Stewart Goodrell, "the prince of log-rollers and of good fellows;" John D. Jennings, the most scholarly and cultivated of Iowa's prominent democrats; Charles Paulk, the father of the supervisor system of county government; Zimri Streeter, the wag of Iowa legislation. These and others, no doubt, whom I do not now recollect, made this a great House. John Edwards — "Honest John" — was the Speaker. This Legislature, thus crowded with men of talents, accomplished a vast deal of work. Besides the usual legislation for carrying on the municipal affairs of the State, it passed a new code of laws for the administration of justice, known as "The Revision of 1860" — a volume of more than 1,000 octavo pages; provided an entirely new system of county government; established a new system of

educational affairs, and new charitable institutions. It had many lively debates in general politics. The reflection of Senator Harlan occurred, and it was by this Legislature that the Hon. F. W. Palmer, now a Representative in Congress of high reputation, was first chosen State Printer. It was during its sittings that Governor Kirkwood refused to grant the requisition of Governor Letcher, of Virginia, for the delivery of Barclay Coppoc, an alleged fugitive from justice, he having been engaged under John Brown, of Ossawatamie, in the celebrated attack and temporary capture of Harper's Ferry. The debates on this subject in both Houses were continued through several evenings, drawing to the capitol vast crowds of citizens of both sexes, and making by odds the finest series of forensic exhibitions which have there been witnessed. Des Moines was then a small town, without a railway, without even a telegraph, without a daily journal, except during the sessions of the Legislature. It has since grown into a beautiful city of fifteen thousand inhabitants; but it may have an hundred thousand before it may see at the capitol so able a Legislature as that of 1860. In this Assembly Mr. MERRILL did not make a single speech of more than three minutes' length; and yet, it was the opinion of the intelligent "lobby" present that winter, of the corps of correspondents and reporters, of the best members generally, that in legislative influence he had no superior. Every body liked him and wished to oblige him. He was greatly trusted by the Governor, and not a few important measures were potentially but quietly engineered to success or defeat, as he desired, by the modest "gentleman from Clayton."

The Legislature adjourned early in April. Mr. MERRILL was now in the business of banking, connected with the McGregor branch of the State Bank

of Iowa, in the directory of which general institution he exercised very great influence. The Legislature met in extra session in May, 1861, and provided for the extraordinary exigencies of the war, which had then broken out. Afterwards, in equipping and clothing the regiments first sent into the field, Mr. MERRILL rendered the State uncommonly valuable and uncommonly unselfish service.

He continued in his business at McGregor, however, until the summer of 1862, when he was commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-first Iowa Volunteer Infantry, and was soon in Missouri with his command. Colonel MERRILL reported to Brigadier-General Fitz Henry Warren, in Central Missouri, where the regiment performed the duties required in a harassed country. In the affair of Hartsville, January 11, 1863, Colonel MERRILL commanded the Union forces engaged, and received the encomiums of General Warren, whose eloquent address on this affair, it being then an era of addresses to troops, has been compared to a loud cackle over a small egg. The regiment performed severe marches and suffered much in sickness during the winter. At the proper time it moved to take part in the campaign of Vicksburg. It is sufficient here to say that it was assigned to the Thirteenth Corps, General John A. McClernand; that it fought gallantly at the battle of Fort Gibson; that while the impetuous charge of Black River Bridge was being made, Colonel MERRILL was severely, and reported fatally, wounded. The battle of Black River Bridge, the last of the series of engagements during the campaign of Vicksburg, in which the rebels fought without their fortifications, was a short but bloody combat of the 17th of May. The rebels were posted in a strong position. The west bank of the river here consists of bluffs rising abruptly from the water's edge. On the east side

there is an open bottom, surrounded by a deep bayou. Following the bayou was a strong line of defenses, consisting of a series of works for artillery, and breastworks. The bayou served admirably as a ditch. In rear of the principal line of works was another line, shorter, but strong, and both extended in something like semi-circular shape, from the river above the bridge, which gives the battle its name, to the river below. The works were well defended by artillery and infantry. McClernand was ordered to take them. Lawler's brigade, in which was Colonel MERRILL's regiment, was ordered to make the charge. It did so with the greatest gallantry. The rebels were driven from their works in a very short time, leaving eighteen guns, fifteen hundred prisoners, and many of their dead, in the Union hands. The charge had hardly occupied more time than it takes to tell of it. But along its track the ground was covered with the dead and the dying. The victims on the Union side, most of whom belonged to the Twenty-first and Twenty-third Iowa regiments, Colonel Kinsman of the latter command being slain, numbered three hundred and seventy-three. While Colonel MERRILL was leading his regiment in this deadly charge, he received an almost fatal wound through the hips. This closed his military career. It was long before he was able to walk, even with the help of crutches; and even yet, on damp days, the old wound gives him twinges of pain.

For months after Colonel MERRILL resigned his military commission, he was unable to attend to his private affairs. When he was sufficiently restored to health, he resumed the business of banking, and became the President of the McGregor National Bank, which took the place of the branch of the State Bank at that city. He was thus engaged when he was nominated for Governor, in June, 1867. He was

elected in October of that year by a majority of about twenty-eight thousand votes, and was inaugurated in the hall of the House of Representatives, in January, 1868, in the presence of the Legislature and of a vast concourse of people. He read his inaugural with fair success. It was a document of great good sense, written in a clear and forcible style. In the administration of the chief executive office of Iowa, the Governor has many and varied practical duties to perform. He is connected with the directory of the State University; with that also of the Agricultural College; with those of the various charitable institutions of the commonwealth—the asylums for the insane, for the blind, and for the deaf mutes. He is also required to visit the penitentiary, and to see that it be carefully and efficiently managed. On account of many acts of the Legislature in regard to railway companies which have received grants of public lands in the State, he has herein responsible duties to perform. What with these and other matters, the correspondence of his office alone makes a prodigious amount of labor. He allows nothing to get behind, nothing to be at loose ends. The machinery all the while runs smoothly, without noise and without fuss. Governor MERRILL also finds time to manifest interest in the Northwest, and to assist the prosperity of his own State.

He presided at the convention last fall in Wisconsin, in the interest of the making of slack water navigation between the Mississippi River and the lakes, and is ever ready to help forward by all legitimate means every just scheme of internal improvement. In November last he wrote to Peter Cooper, Esq., of New York, a letter upon Iowa, which was an *exposé* of the progress, wealth and resources of the State, calculated to be of invaluable service, and written withal in a luminous and straightforward style peculiarly appropriate in a document of that nature. Though there are very many enthusiastic admirers of Iowa in Iowa, there are few who in this respect surpass the chief magistrate of the State.

In person, Governor MERRILL has a commanding figure, with an open, pleasing countenance inviting confidence. He is an affectionate husband and father and a faithful friend. He is conscientious in his politics, in his business, as well as in his religion; so that, whether one sees him during the week or on Sunday, in social life or in his office, one is very sure that he sees a Christian gentleman, who, without parade, but with credit and honor and worth, fills the chief office of a State whose people are every where known as intelligent, spirited and progressive to a degree never surpassed in a new country.

NEW MEXICO.

BY JOHN CLERKE.

NEW Mexico is one of our largest Territories; it is the richest of them all in mineral wealth, and it enjoys the further distinction of being less known than any other, excepting, perhaps, Utah. It is nearly a quarter of a century since it came into our possession; and yet, though for more than twenty years we have maintained military posts within its borders, and former citizens of the old States have been settled there for business purposes, and a constant traffic has been kept up between the merchants of Missouri and those of Santa Fé, and travelers have passed and repassed through the Territory, its mineral resources were half-a-dozen years ago almost unknown to its inhabitants, and even at this day have not been sufficiently developed to attract attention in the States; while Eastern people generally know less of its population, climate, soil and productions, than they do of those of many foreign countries. While other Territories, less richly endowed by nature with the elements of wealth, have attracted immigration and rapidly developed such resources as they possess, New Mexico has only obtained accessions to its white population from among camp followers of various classes and discharged soldiers, most of whom have been willing to adopt the indolent customs of the country, and by means of their superior shrewdness to live at the expense of the simple natives, without making the least effort for the moral and material improvement of the latter. The merchants of the country, mostly Jews, are, with a few exceptions, devoid of enterprise outside of their business of buying and selling; and were,

moreover, until quite recently, ignorant of the existence of any considerable mineral wealth in the Territory. It was not until after the end of the Rebellion, when the California volunteers who had been on duty in the Territory were discharged from the service, that any mining explorations were made, resulting in the discovery of rich lodes of gold-bearing quartz in the Pinos Altos Mountains, near the Mimbros River, about eighty miles west of the Rio Grande, and twenty north of the southern overland route to California. In this range, two considerable mining towns—Pinos Altos and Central City—have sprung up, their population being chiefly derived from California and Colorado; several quartz-mills have been erected, and a considerable amount of bullion is produced. More recently, the Cimarron and Moreno mines were discovered in the northern part of the Territory—first placeres and afterwards rich quartz lodes—and miners and adventurers began to pour in from Colorado and elsewhere, and the slow semi-civilization of the mongrel natives was astonished by exhibitions of Anglo-Saxon energy, in the sudden growth of populous towns, boiling over with excitement and recklessness, and furnishing a strange contrast to the sluggishness and apathy characteristic of New Mexican towns. The spirit of exploration having been stimulated by success, the few Americans (as white settlers from the States are called in contradistinction to the natives, who are known as Mexicans or Indians, as the case may be) residing along the Rio Grande began to make brief prospecting excursions among the adjacent mountains,

and succeeded in discovering many lodes of gold and silver-bearing ore, of the richness of which there could be no sort of doubt. The extent of these explorations has, however, been circumscribed by two causes: first, lack of means as well as of knowledge on the part of the prospectors; and, second, fear of the Apache Indians, who range over the greater part of the Territory. Nevertheless, enough has been ascertained to satisfy all who have any experience in mining regions, that New Mexico is not second to any State or Territory in the Union in mineral wealth; and that she is destined to become, at some future time, perhaps not far distant, one of our richest and most populous States. Besides gold and silver, copper, lead, iron and coal have been found in abundance.

Prior to the recent discoveries, it was known that a very rich silver mine existed in the Organ Mountains, east of Mesilla; and the Ortiz mine, on the mountain road between Santa Fé and Albuquerque, was also supposed to be rich; but work had long been suspended in the former on account of the hostile incursions of the Apaches, and in the latter for lack of knowledge of mining in its owners. Something was also known of the placeres of Real de Dolores and Real de San Francisco, between Santa Fé and Albuquerque, which had formerly been worked by Mexicans from Chihuahua, and which were supposed to have not altogether been exhausted. Furthermore, there were legends and traditions extant among the natives concerning the French *gambusinos*, who two or three hundred years ago mined in the mountains on either side of the Rio Grande, compelling the Pueblo Indians, whom they had partially enslaved, to perform the bulk of their labor. But one day, as the tradition runs, a large number of the Frenchmen having returned for business or pleasure to their native land, the In-

dians arose and massacred the remainder, and covered the mining shafts in such a manner that they were concealed from casual observation for more than a century. Recently these shafts have become exposed, and it is a favorite amusement of Americans to claim and record them for mining purposes; though, as yet, no intelligent use has been made of any of them. The natives know of the existence of many of these shafts; but the Indians preserve a strict silence in regard to them, having a theory that if the mines are reopened they will be reenslaved; and the Mexicans are utterly ignorant of quartz mining, and nearly so of placer mining. As the ancient shafts of the *gambusinos* have been found throughout a large extent of country, and it is not likely that they were sunk at random, intelligent prospecting will probably one day develop rich mines wherever they exist. There are said to be in the hands of Mexicans, on the upper Rio Grande, certain old French documents relating to these mines; and a man was pointed out to me at San Juan, in Rio Arriba county, who was said to possess some of these documents, which, however, he refused either to part with or exhibit to any one—evidently regarding them as involving the future fortunes of his family. For lack of time and opportunity, I was unable to converse with him upon the subject of these precious papers.

Besides the quartz mills at Pinos Altos, there is one now running at the Ortiz mine, under the auspices of a Philadelphia company, and another at a mine discovered last year at Maxwell's Rancho, on the Cimarron, which has proved to be extraordinarily rich. A ditch has been dug from the Pecos River to the placeres of Dolores and San Francisco, and those ancient *bonanzas* will be compelled to yield up their treasures under the newest American processes. There is not, however, at present in New Mexico either the

requisite capital, knowledge or population, for the proper development of the mining resources of the Territory; but the good accounts which the few miners there are beginning to give of their operations, will soon attract the attention of Eastern capitalists, and point the way to enterprises which will not fail to enrich their projectors.

The climate of New Mexico varies with latitude and location. The summers are usually pleasant, though at times uncomfortably hot in the lower valleys. In the northern and mountainous districts, the winters are severe, with abundant snow; in the southern valleys they are mild, but occasionally diversified with heavy frosts, cold winds and sand-storms—the last being a peculiar institution of semi-tropical regions, in which the sand is lifted by the southerly gales, and hurled forward with a blinding fury that no living thing can long endure to face. The sand-storm is not quite so bad as the *samiel* of the Sahara is represented to be; but it is certainly near of kin to that terrible visitation of the desert. On the lower Rio Grande, spring opens in February; but at and above Santa Fé biting frosts occur as late as the first week in June. As the Territory is more than three hundred miles long, and the altitude constantly increases from south to north, the variation of temperature and climate between its extreme latitude is necessarily very great. The climate of New Mexico is, throughout the year, many degrees colder than that of Arizona, which lies within the same latitudes; the difference of temperature being readily perceived by the traveler on crossing the Sierra Madre Mountains, near which the boundary between the two Territories lies.

Upon examining an authentic map of New Mexico (a thing, by the way, very difficult to find), it will be observed that but a small part of the Territory is settled. This is not because so little of it

is unfit for settlement, but because the vacant portions are within the Indian range, and therefore can not safely be occupied. There are many portions of the country well adapted to tillage and grazing, which are, and will probably continue to be for some time, abandoned to the bloodthirsty Apache and the unreliable Navajo. The former used to range throughout the Territory, but is now rarely seen north of Fort Craig; the latter roams at his convenience through the remainder of the country, only taking care to avoid the thickly populated sections. The Apache is the declared enemy of all civilized races, and omits no opportunity to murder and plunder; while the Navajo, though nominally at peace with the whites, has the bump of acquisitiveness strongly developed, and, having acquired a pastoral taste, is ready to add to his flocks and herds at the expense of his reputation for honesty. So long as these tribes are permitted to roam over the country, murdering and plundering at will, it is simply suicidal for civilized beings to attempt to form new settlements remote from the bulk of the population.

Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico, is said to be the oldest town within the limits of the United States, having been built under the auspices of the Jesuits more than three hundred years ago. It is the largest town in the Territory, containing, perhaps, exclusive of the military, about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, of whom more than three-fourths are Mexicans. Several wealthy Jewish firms are engaged in trade here, and do a large and profitable business, not the smallest item of which is in army contracts. The native Americans outside of the army, who are not Federal office-holders or professional men, generally devote their energies to selling whiskey and gambling. The public and private buildings at Santa Fé, with the exception of some wooden

houses belonging to the military department, and the new penitentiary, which is of stone, are constructed of adobes, or sun-dried bricks; yet some of them, being well-finished without and within, present a neat though far from imposing appearance. The majority of the houses are, however, mere mud hovels, with dirt roofs, ragged walls and earthen floors—uninviting without and squalid within. Even the cathedral and the dozen or more churches in which the spiritual needs of the natives are ministered to, though exhibiting some attempts at elaborate architecture, are unsightly objects, looking as if they might at any time tumble down and overwhelm the worshipers within their walls. A view of Santa Fé from a neighboring eminence is not calculated to impress the beholder with an idea of the commercial and political importance of the town.

Most of the inhabitants of New Mexico reside in towns or villages, of the architecture of which that of Santa Fé is a favorable specimen. Timber suitable for boards is very scarce. Lumber enough for doors and casings, shelving, and the flooring of the more pretentious edifices, is obtained with much cost and difficulty, and is found in but a few favored localities in quantities sufficient for the building of frame houses. Kiln-burnt bricks are very rare, the ordinary building material being adobes. These are made of mud in which straw or hay has been mixed, molded to the dimensions of 4x8x16 inches, and dried in the sun. In building, the adobes are laid together with mud. When the walls have been carried to the proper height, they are spanned with *vigas*—beams of cottonwood or pine, as may be most conveniently obtained; upon these are closely laid *sajuaras*—the strong wooden ribs of the giant cactus, or straight willow poles, or, more frequently bushes and branches of any kind; upon these is placed a layer of straw,

hay or rushes, and lastly three or four inches of earth. The roof thus formed, having a very slight slope, sheds most of the rain that falls upon it, but is rarely altogether water-tight, and requires frequent repairs. The house is finished by putting in the doors and windows, and by applying to the walls a smooth coating of mud, inside and out—the latter operation being performed by women. An aristocratic mansion usually receives a coating of whitewash upon the walls, and of dark-colored paint upon the doors, windows and casings, by which its appearance is much improved. But the majority of the buildings are not aristocratic, and the monotonous brown of their mud walls and wood-work is unrelieved by either paint or whitewash. A building upon which the mud plastering is renewed as frequently as it is rendered necessary by washing from rain, will last for many years; but if the walls and roof are neglected, it will soon fall to decay.

Another species of building is the *jacal*, which consists of poles set perpendicularly in the ground, plastered with mud, and roofed in the same manner as adobe buildings.

Few of the houses, except in the Puebla Indian towns, have more than one story. Many have but one room, although others possess half a dozen or more rooms arranged in a square, which also includes the stable and corral; the spaces between the buildings being occupied by high adobe walls. The larger towns have regular streets and public squares—the *plaza* of Santa Fé being quite pretty, though small; but the smaller towns and villages have only labyrinthine alleys, through which a stranger would find some difficulty in making his way.

The civilized native inhabitants of New Mexico consist of a few old families which boast, with more or less truth, of having preserved uncon-

taminated the *sangre azul* or blue blood of Spain; the "Greasers," of mixed Spanish and Indian, with here and there a slight suspicion of negro blood, and the Puebla Indians. The first are the aristocracy of the country, and are usually better educated and more wealthy than their mongrel fellow-countrymen. They live in the more pretentious houses, and cover their earthen floors with coarse wool carpets of native manufacture. They are extravagant in the matter of furniture, having frequently as many as half-a-dozen rude chairs, a table and a bedstead among their possessions at once. They have been known to hang curtains at their windows, though instances of such prodigality are extremely rare. They dress tolerably well, ride what are considered in New Mexico good horses, hold most of the local offices, sometimes turn their attention to commercial enterprises, are honest as the world goes, generous and hospitable, like to marry their daughters to thrifty Americans, attend mass regularly and pay the priest his dues punctually, but are tolerant in matters of religious opinion, cordially despise the Greasers, and are cordially hated in return. They like to be saluted as "Don," and nothing pleases them better than for strangers to treat them with the respect due to exalted station. A very few persons of this class indulge in the luxury of what Americans consider respectable furniture, and rejoice in the possession of Concord carriages and harnesses.

Many of the women of this class have good forms and features, with fine complexions, and might be considered handsome if they had any elasticity of movement or intelligence of expression. As it is, they are about as attractive to one who has enjoyed the society of hearty, spirited American girls, as the lay-figures in a mantua-maker's shop. Constitutionally lazy, ignorant, having no conception of pleasure other than

sensual, observing the forms of religion without possessing its spirit—having, in short, none of that inner beauty which we have all seen irradiating the countenances of even the plainest of our countrywomen—they become prematurely old, and age frequently brings to them fearful ugliness. I have never been able to discern among them the grace and beauty so much lauded by enthusiastic travelers whom I have met; yet I am bound to acknowledge that they are eminently good-natured and obliging, and their kindness of heart, both to their own people and to strangers, in cases of sickness or misfortune, is proverbial.

The Greasers are of various degrees of social standing. Some of them are comparatively well off in worldly goods. A well-to-do Greaser owns a house with four or five acres of arable land; a horse, perhaps—at all events three or four donkeys; possibly a yoke of stunted steers; certainly a small herd of goats, and from two to five dogs of a villainous breed. There is no family so poor as to be destitute of at least a couple of dogs—hungry, shaggy, wolfish-looking creatures, that come creeping upon the stranger's flanks and rear in the hope of getting a nip out of his leg, and run off howling as if in terrible pain if he but wave his hand toward them. They are not dangerous brutes, but extremely annoying, since they will keep up an assault with a great deal of noise and persistence, and must be sharply watched to prevent them from snapping a piece out of the fleshy part of the body; their masters and mistresses looking on meanwhile with indifference, or perhaps with amusement, until the exasperated victim draws his revolver, when they will interfere with a great show of virtuous indignation to protect their ugly pets, for which they seem to have as much affection as Americans, who ought to know better, have for the worthless little curs that never do good

or harm worth mentioning until, in the natural course of things, they go mad and bite people.

The furniture in the house of a well-to-do Greaser consists of a bench, or two or three stools, sometimes a chair, and a rude table—the last, however, not being considered indispensable, since a box or a stray board can be made to supply its place. The beds consist of wool mattresses and blankets of native manufacture, which are spread upon the floor at night, and in the morning rolled up against the wall, where they serve as seats. Cooking-stoves are rare, culinary operations being carried on at the little triangular fire-places which are constructed in the corners of the houses, and which will admit but small sticks and few of them. The cooking utensils are limited to a few vessels of earthenware, with an iron pan or skillet, and sometimes a coffee-pot. Table crockery, knives and forks and spoons, are scarce and of the commonest quality, and in the poorer houses are altogether wanting. The interior of some of the poorer houses are fearfully bare and wretched looking. The negro quarters of the South, while slavery was yet an institution in the land, would have compared favorably with the habitations of most of this people.

But a small proportion of the Greasers can read and write; and those who possess these accomplishments do not seem to exercise them to any considerable extent. They have but few books, and the newspapers of the Territory, printed in English and Spanish, do not circulate much outside of the larger towns. The schools, with the exception of those at Santa Fé, are badly taught and poorly attended. While every village has its church or chapel, and every large town its one or more priests, school-houses are uncommon, and few parents have the ability, if they have the desire, to give their children

the simplest rudiments of an education. Yet this people, old and young, are remarkably docile, and would doubtless prove apt pupils if they had the opportunity. That they are of an inquiring turn of mind, I can personally testify; for I have spent many hours answering their questions concerning the States and foreign countries, the railroad, the telegraph, and other subjects of which they had received some indistinct knowledge.

The men of this class are not generally prepossessing in appearance; but the majority of them are industrious, and, except when beset by want or strong temptation, honest. Many of them are, however, thieves and vagabonds, living by plunder, or upon the bounty of their more honest friends and relatives, who harbor and protect them. Some Americans go so far as to assert that the Mexicans are all thieves; but, though they are more tolerant of their dishonest relatives than they should be, most of them are, I think, trustworthy under ordinary circumstances. The young women of this class have good forms, with little facial beauty, though I have occasionally met one who was tolerably good looking. They are slovenly in their dress, except when prepared for church or the fandango, and usually wear black shawls, drawn over their heads, which serve the triple purpose of covering the shoulders, concealing the unkempt condition of the hair, and hiding the face upon the approach of a stranger. The shawl is worn both in the house and upon the street; and when the wearer meets a stranger it is drawn coquettishly around the face, so that but one eye—a dark, languishing eye—is exposed. Every Mexican girl is taught from her infancy to wear a shawl, and to balance an *olla*, or water-jar, on her head. These jars are of earthenware, almost globular in shape, and hold two or three gallons of water. So skillful do the

girls become in carrying them, placed upon a folded cloth on the top of the head, that I have been told one of them has been known to fall at full length upon the ground without breaking her jar or spilling a drop of water! Chignons are rarely seen in New Mexico. The first that made its appearance in Mesilla was generally regarded by the native women as a new and excellent contrivance for supporting the *olla*.

Morally speaking, the native women in New Mexico, with a few exceptions, are not only no better than they might be, but a great deal worse than they should be. They are utterly destitute of "the quality that highly adorns a woman, but ruins a man," and they are almost entirely wanting in the crowning ornament of the sex. In other words, they have no modesty and little virtue. Not one of them considers herself insulted by the grossest solicitations, and few will refuse them if the opportunity is fair and the solicitor not personally objectionable. Nevertheless, they are extremely devout in their attendance upon the service of mass—the professed courtesans even excelling in this respect their married sisters, and conscientiously sharing with the church the wages of their sin. Socially, the same toleration is accorded to the "erring sisters" as to the rascally brethren before mentioned.

Of course the Roman Catholic religion obtains in New Mexico, and unfortunately its solemn services have, until within the last two years, been administered by priests whose example was not calculated to elevate the character of their flocks, and who permitted, if they did not encourage, certain superstitious observances which their successors now find it difficult to root out. In addition to the usual observances of their faith, and the celebration, with a great deal of license, of religious feasts, the "wickedest men" once a year do penance after a painful

and extraordinary manner. On each Friday during Lent the *penitentes*, as they are called, strip themselves naked, with the exception of a breech-cloth, shoulder heavy crosses, and, bearing many-thonged whips with which they flagellate themselves until the blood trickles to their heels, perform pilgrimages to various crosses which are erected upon the summits of high, steep hills, at each of which they stop a few minutes, while they flog themselves well and sing hymns. Some are not satisfied with the tameness of such penance, but invent others new and unusual. One will extend himself upon his back, and get his friends to fasten a cross to him in such a manner that he can not make the slightest movement without thrusting sharp spikes into his face, hands, feet and breast, and in this unenviable position he will lie for hours. One, a couple of years since, passed a rope around his naked waist, and got a couple of his friends to pull it back and forth until it had cut deeply into the flesh completely around the body, he meanwhile enlivening the performance by singing penitential hymns. He survived but a few hours, expiring in great agony. While sympathizing with these misguided wretches, it is comforting to reflect that they probably deserve all the punishment they inflict upon themselves.

The Puebla Indians are the best citizens of New Mexico—and that is not saying much in their favor. They derive their name from the fact that they reside in pueblas, or towns. Their houses are nearly all two stories in height, with the entrance in the second story, which is reached by means of a ladder, and with ovens upon the roofs. The men are industrious and thrifty farmers, and the women are doubtless accomplished housewives after the manner of their race. They have their own lands, which can not be sold outside of the tribe; are governed

by their own chief, under their own laws, and are as well off in every respect as their Mexican neighbors. In religion they are Roman Catholics, but they still retain many of their heathen superstitions; and in every village a cage, elevated on poles to the height of the surrounding roofs, contains three or four immense gray eagles—the guardian divinities of the place. The dress of this people is simple, and the fashion unchangeable. That of the men consists of a shirt, buckskin pants, and moccasins, with a chip hat in summer. The women wear a single garment of black cloth, trimmed with white braid, reaching to the knees, where it is met by leggings of buckskin terminating in moccasins—a simple and convenient bloomer costume. To my fastidious eye, the women of this race are by no means handsome; but they possess the reputation of being virtuous, and I observed among them none of the immodest actions which so disgusted me with the Mexican women. Neither did I ever see one of them smoke a cigarrito—a habit to which all the Mexican women, as well as men, are addicted. If they are guilty of petty vices, they practice them in private.

Agriculture in New Mexico remains in the primitive state in which the patriarch Noah is supposed to have left it when he abandoned pursuits on shore and became the pioneer of the floating menagerie business. The plow is simply a straight stick, pointed at one end and perhaps shod with a scrap of iron, with a handle and a tongue inserted in it. Small, dilapidated looking oxen, yoked by the horns, drag the primitive implement over the ground, stirring it to the depth of two or three inches. Grain, when sown, is scratched under with a brushy tree-top. The crop, when matured, is harvested with sickles and winnowed by the breeze on a hill-top. In the vicinity of some of the larger towns are flouring mills of moderate

capacity; but every little village has its mill, about the size of a dry-goods box, and furnished with one set of very small stones, on which grain is ground after a fashion at the rate of four or five bushels per day. Many persons, however, can not afford to patronize these mills, and every house is provided with a *mata*, which is a large stone flattened and slightly hollowed on its upper surface, upon which, with a smaller stone, a muscular señorita crushes *maiz* enough to make *tortillas* for a meal.

The soil of New Mexico which is subjected to tillage is very poor; yet, by means of frequent and regular irrigation, good crops are produced from it. The settlements are mostly confined to the river bottoms, and the quantity of ground cultivated is just as much as can be irrigated by *acequias*, or ditches, of inconsiderable length and capacity. The farms are for the most part small, and the productions few. Five acres are a good patrimony, ten constitute the owner a man of local consequence, and twenty-five or more are only possessed by an aristocratic Don or an American. The principal productions are Indian corn and Chili peppers, although wheat, potatoes, onions, etc., are raised to some extent. Some fruits are produced, apricots and plums being most abundant, though peaches and apples of inferior size and quality are also grown. Grapes flourish in the southern part of the Territory, and from them good qualities of wine and brandy are made; but north of Santa Fé they do not thrive. It is not likely that oranges, lemons and other semi-tropical fruits can be raised to advantage in any part of the Territory.

A prominent official of the Territory once remarked to me that "the synonym of New Mexico is demoralization." Of this demoralization even the domestic animals partake. Formerly large numbers of sheep were raised in

the country; but the Navajos took a fancy to wool-growing, and the Apaches acquired a taste for mutton, and between the two tribes the New Mexican flocks have been very much thinned. A good many sheep are yet raised, but their wool—much of which is shipped eastward—is coarse and scant, and their flesh inferior. The horses are scarce and scrubby; the horned cattle stunted and spiritless; the very goats and asses bear visible marks of degeneration; the pigs (which are kept tethered by ropes or chains to prevent their committing depredations upon the unfenced fields and gardens) are miserable little runts; and the dogs are but one remove from coyotes. There are some good horses and cattle in the country, but they

are natives of the States or of Texas.

New Mexico is now in the first stages of development. The mining discoveries which are now frequently made will soon attract a large immigration from the States. The telegraph has already made its way to Santa Fé, and the railroad must soon follow in its course. American vigor and enterprise will take the place of native ignorance and apathy, and ten years hence New Mexico will be a more populous and flourishing State than Kansas is to-day. Whether or not the native population will be materially benefited by the march of improvement, remains to be seen. Most of them are anxious for the approaching change, and it is to be hoped that they all will profit by it.

THE ANTIQUE GOBLET.

BY U. D. THOMAS.

I STOOD within a palace tall:
A pictured arras downward rolled
On every side, in many a fold;
And swinging cressets lit the hall,
Revealing statues bronze and gold.

Emblazoned vases here and there
In niches stood, enchased and fine;
Odors, like incense from the shrine
Of Venus, floated every where,
And wooed my soul to bliss divine.

I took an antique goblet up,
Filled with ambrosia to the brim,
And watched the rosy globules swim
Around the margin of the cup,
Until mine eyes with tears were dim.

A lady entered: tall and fair,
In silken drapery arrayed;
Her tresses down her shoulders strayed,
Disheveled by the perfumed air
That o'er the waving arras played.

I gazed, transfixed in mute surprise,
And marveled what peculiar grace
Gave angel beauty to her face;
And then I saw her glorious eyes
Transcend the brightness of the place.

I placed the goblet in her hand,
With menial gesture—bowing low;
The goblet held no draught of woe—
And yet, I could not understand
What made the lady tremble so.

I whispered softly: "Lady, drink!
Within this goblet have I caught
The subtle essences of thought—
The burning thoughts that poets think,
By love distilled and magic wrought!"

"I dare not drink," the lady sighed—
The trembling arras caught the sound,
And echoes, answering, bore it round;
"I should ere now have been a bride,
And if I drink, your heart I wound!"

Instant the palace walls expand;
The pictured arras outward rolled;
The lights went out in lamps of gold;
The goblet vanished in my hand;—
My cottage walls were damp and cold!

The scene was but a love-wrought dream,
The lady's form a fantasy;
The sad stars watched alone with me—
Naught but a pale, uncertain gleam
Illumed my life of misery!

MADAME D'ARBLAY. †

BY MRS. M. C. NUTE.

NO department of works of imagination was so sedulously cultivated during the last century as that of prose fiction. This species of writing, found in the modern novel, dates its history from the decline of the poetic age, and is, in many respects, a natural outgrowth of the highest form of Christian civilization. Since it is a field admirably adapted to the culture of the feminine mind, it may prove neither uninteresting nor uninstructional to the general reader to devote a brief space of time to a consideration of the character of Madame D'Arblay, who took the initiative in its purification and development. We should carefully cherish the names of those who widen the boundaries of thought, or render human effort more effectual. They are springs from which flow the limpid waters that bathe our dusty feet, and of which we often drink in irreverent and careless haste.

While no one will presume to deny that the distinction of having first opened up this rich vein of literary art belongs to Richardson, Fielding and Smollet, it must be conceded that, before the publication of Madame D'Arblay's "Evelina," this class of writing was lamentably disfigured by crudeness and obscenity. Prior to the time of Richardson, Fielding and Smollet, works of imagination were mostly confined to narrative idyl and poetic creation. But as men grew better acquainted with practical realities, and the multitudinous relations of civil life became paramount—as the subtle and transforming influence of education slowly dawned on the understanding, some vehicle which would combine reflection with imagination and fancy, became a necessity.

We do not propose, in this brief article, to trace the history of prose fiction; nor would we imply that all modern productions in this department of literature have been meritorious or creditable to the age. Indeed, it is fortunate for mankind that no considerable portion of such works ever reach a second edition. Yet we would speak with respect and due consideration of authors whose star shone dimly, and set just above the horizon; while for such names as Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Madame Dudevant, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and many others, we are proud to feel that no exercise of public charity is required. Furthermore, in these days when female talent and genius are more dominating and energizing than at any previous period, it becomes at once a pleasure and a duty to keep the fame of her who was, in an important sense, a pioneer in the domain of prose fiction, untarnished by the corrosions of time; also to remind ourselves of what was peculiar and formative of character in her early, and what was insidious and pernicious in her later, life.

Frances Burney, the subject of this sketch, was born at Lynn, England, in the year 1752. She was descended from a family that, in remote time, bore the name of Macburney, and was probably of Irish extraction. Not much is known of her mother. She died when Frances was a mere child, leaving her and several other children to the management of a loving but careless father. He was a man of more than ordinary ability; was devoted to the profession of music, and the author of a celebrated publication entitled "The History of Music." In the year 1760

See Madame D'Arblay's 373

he quitted Lynn and went to reside in London. Here he was successful as a teacher of his art; received from the University of Oxford the degree of Doctor of Music; and, through the meritorious character of his published works, gained a respectable position among men of letters.

Frances Burney, from the decease of her mother, may be said to have educated herself, or rather to have been educated by circumstances. Her father, though in the main considerate of her wants, having placed his two eldest daughters at a Parisian school, gave little heed either to her capacity or training; and she was allowed to remain at home, pursuing such a course of study as her fancy dictated without the aid of teacher or governess.

In these days of scientific research and rigid analysis, if genius or talent startle public reserve into a generous or even momentary admiration, we at once seek to learn the process which produced or aided in achieving that which thus charms or interests us. We are rarely satisfied until we can trace such effort back to its small or perhaps ill-defined beginning. The reading world has not yet forgotten the profound surprise with which it greeted "*Jane Eyre*," or the curiosity with which it hung over its mysterious *nom de plume*, "*Currer Bell*"; nor how, when it was declared to be the production of a woman, critics said: Nay, the feminine mind was not equal to an achievement of such range and power. When, however, the fact of authorship was fully established, then commenced the work of exploration, and the opening up of the molding process which had aided in producing such rare results. Through these we are made familiar with her singular history, though she was never familiar with her kind. Thus we learn it was from books as well as from nature; from the slow, awful tragedies of her own home, rather than outside

life; from her solitary surroundings, and the fiery flood of her own impetuous nature, that she drew those pictures which possessed for the reader a kind of wizard charm. The Brontë family have become very dear to the appreciative heart of this republic, and seem not unlike our near ancestors. We are familiar with the heathery moor and the lonely parsonage; the patience of the mother and the eccentricities of the father. We shudder over the grave of Branwell, slain by his passions, and linger tenderly by that of the sweet Anna, the gifted and heroic Emily, the grand and enduring Charlotte.

Frances Burney's early mental discipline—if such we may term it—though vastly different from that which is ordinarily prescribed for gifted young girls, seems to have produced a beneficent and salutary effect on her expanding mind. Possessing a small stature and delicate figure, with a face unnoticeable for beauty, being quiet and shy to the verge of bashfulness, she received little attention from the many elegant visitors who frequented her father's house. Had Doctor Burney possessed a correct idea of his child's ability, she would doubtless have been subjected to a rigid routine of study; but, being wholly ignorant of her capacity, she was left to the enjoyment of a most delightful freedom. By position, her father belonged to the middle class; but his attainments, natural suavity and amiability, gained him ready admission into the first literary society of the day. Few nobles could gather at their mansions circles of such brilliant and varied talent as was frequently convened at his unpretending dwelling. Doctor Johnson was often a visitor there, his attachment having been secured, by Doctor Burney's commendation of his dictionary, and who, though wedded to his own art, evinced unbounded admiration for the genius that had produced

"*Rasselas*" and "*The Rambler*." Garrick, likewise, often enlivened the circle by his presence; and, being fond of the society of children, occasionally exhibited his wonderful powers for the amusement of the youthful Burneys.

It was not only men of letters and artists of distinction who furnished to Miss Burney a rare school of observation; but, unchecked by parental control, she was allowed to mingle freely with the so-called vulgar, which afforded her an opportunity to survey the uncultivated and unpretentious side of life. Doctor Burney's attainments as a musician and historian of music, attracted to his house the most distinguished performers of his time, and thus placed it in his power to give concerts not inferior to those given by the aristocracy. On such occasions their usually quiet street was crowded with magnificent carriages, and their drawing-rooms filled with distinguished and titled visitors. With these guests, it was observed, Frances did not mingle. She was no musician, and consequently took no part in the concerts; was shy to awkwardness, and so disconcerted by conversation that old friends of the family could seldom engage her therein beyond monosyllables. Thus constituted, none sought to prevent her from retiring to the background, where, unobserved, she carefully noticed all that was passing. Her nearest relations had credited her with good sense, but never suspected her of possessing brilliant talent or genius. Had these qualities been apparent, it is easy to imagine into what an ecstasy of delight it would have thrown her place-loving father.

Possessing a vivid apprehension of the peculiar and ridiculous, she had, while yet in her girlhood, collected material for fiction which others would scarcely have gathered in a life-time. We should, however, keep in mind, if we would not have our practical ideas

of an enlightened training unduly biased, that Frances Burney's capacity was somewhat exceptional in its nature; that her pictures of life and manners were drawn from observation; that she never sought to delineate the finer shades of character, or busied her brain over those subtle influences which, though no human eye may fathom or hand measure, yet press upon us at all points, like the invisible atmosphere. Her field of thought was clearly the obvious and humorous; hence the benefit derived from the facilities offered in her father's house.

At fifteen we find her writing stories to amuse her brothers and sisters; but she was dissuaded from the practice by her step-mother, who endeavored to convince her that such writing was not respectable. In tracing Miss Burney's development from the bashful observing girl, who had carefully watched every grade of society, to the successful novel-writer, before whose vision heroes and heroines moved in grand procession, we must not omit to mention Samuel Crisp—or "Daddy" Crisp, as she familiarly termed him—who seems to have exerted a more salutary influence on her mind than any other person. Mr. Crisp was an old friend of the Burneys, and an intimate in the family. He was a man of varied acquirements and decided literary tastes; but early in life had met with a disappointment to which he had never become reconciled. It seems he believed himself to be a poet, wrote a tragedy in five acts, which he named "*Virginia*," and offered it to Garrick, who was his personal friend. Garrick read it, and advised Mr. Crisp not to risk his reputation on such a piece. The sequel proved the wisdom of the advice; for, although Garrick wrote prologue and epilogue, and friends crowded the boxes of the theater, it received but slight applause. When it was published it met with still less favor, and critics and reviewers fell

upon plot, character and diction in a merciless manner. Poor Crisp, failing to see his error, nursed and corrected his unappreciated and probably worthless drama, till he became a cynic and hater of mankind. Purchasing a lonely mansion in a desolate tract of Surrey, while Frances Burney was yet a child, he there buried himself in profound solitude. No road led to his dwelling, and to none save the Burneys was confided the name of the place to which he had withdrawn. As much of his affection as self-love could spare, he seems to have given to this family; and, fortunately for Frances, to have regarded her in the light of a daughter. He called her his "Fannikin," and she, in return, called him "Daddy." He was very fond of Dr. Burney's concerts, and when in London always attended them; but when age and gout confined him to his retreat, he prevailed upon Frances to send him full accounts of their gay parties. Some of these letters have been published, and give evidence of the powers which afterward produced "*Evelina*" and "*Cecelia*." Her happy faculty of seizing upon oddities of character and manners, her skill in arranging them, and humor almost comic, must have rendered her a rare and entertaining correspondent for the old gentleman.

Timid and reserved as was Miss Burney, she seems not to have been deficient in a strong and well defined passion for distinction, or in a just confidence in her own powers; and, urged by the one and trusting the other, she completed the manuscript of her first tale. She appears, however, to have had some fears that the public might not look favorably on her effort, and decided to keep the fact of authorship a secret. Having no money to expend in publishing, it was no small task to find a bookseller who would be willing to take the venture. Such an one was at length found; but the bar-

gain was not closed till she had gained her father's consent, which was freely given, though wholly ignorant of the contents of the manuscript. The contract was then concluded at twenty pounds; and Miss Burney, through her father's inexcusable indifference, became the loser of some hundreds of pounds. After some delay, "*Evelina*" appeared—just one year before Hannah Moore's first effort as an authoress, and twenty years previous to that of Maria Edgeworth, of whom Jeffrey remarks: "She did more good than any other writer, male or female, of her generation."

Some ninety years have passed since that eventful period when Frances Burney—wholly unknown to literary fame, unaccustomed to the idea that women could compete with men in the world of letters—by one bold effort ascended into the literary heavens, a star of the first magnitude; at least, such was the verdict of the critics of those times. Novels in those days were generally condemned, and not without cause; for they were often silly, and frequently wicked and otherwise debasing. "*Evelina*" was a success from the beginning. Librarians said every body was asking for it. Doctor Burney was in ecstasies over its contents. "Daddy" Crisp appeased his anger over her want of confidence, in his delight with the achievement. The book was at first admired as the work of some man of genius; but when it was rumored to be the production of a timid girl, unknown to fame, it was considered little less than miraculous. The fact of its authorship was at length established, and men of distinction and literary renown did her reverence. It is said Burke sat up all night to complete its perusal. Johnson preferred it to the novels of Fielding, and said she had done enough to have made Richardson feel uncomfortable.

There is abundant proof in the

"Diary" that Miss Burney enjoyed this adulation and triumph of her genius intensely; also, abundant proof that the principal source of her happiness was in her father's family, with the little domestic circle in St. Martin street. Through "Evelina," she had achieved fame, but not independence; and four years after, we find her giving "Cecelia" to the public, which, by general consent, was placed among the classic novels of England.

It is not our purpose, in this necessarily imperfect sketch, to give a compendium of Miss Burney's works, but more especially to regard her in the light of a pioneer in this department of literature; and, while we note her development and success, glance also at her failures and their attending cause. We freely admit such scrutiny is not always pleasant; but, in a country where the highest form of thought and style are not fully developed, and far from being grooved, it becomes a duty to hold up to popular view clearly defined as well as brilliant models. It is not a little saddening—while to Frances Burney belongs the distinction of being the first woman who had produced a work purporting to be a picture of life and manners, which lived or deserved to live—that her fame rests on the efforts made in the early part of her life. Though "Cecelia" and other productions were loudly applauded, and were more ambitious efforts, they did not rival the unpretending and winning simplicity of "Evelina." It is not a little instructive to consider how the absence of appreciative admiration drove Samuel Crisp from society to live and die in solitude, and that too much of it caused Miss Burney to lose sight of her simple and admirable style of composition, and adopt one as cumbersome and stilted for her to manage, and as poorly adapted as a vehicle for her thoughts, as would have been the armor of Don

Quixote to facilitate the activity of her delicate person.

It is well known that she indulged in a blind admiration of Johnson, and it was whispered—and not without cause—that his hand and style were apparent in "Cecelia." Miss Burney might well at this time have prayed to be "saved from her friends," for besides engrafting on her own pure and simple style the heavy and verbose one of Johnson, she was induced by them to accept the position of Keeper of the Robes to Queen Charlotte. By this move, she isolated herself from one of the finest literary circles in the world, subjected herself to a most galling slavery, and made five years of the best part of her life nearly worthless. From her "Diary" we learn the nature of the servitude, and get a glimpse at the poverty to which she subjected herself. At this remote period, and under the energizing influence of our republican institutions, we can afford to smile at the hallucination which induced Dr. Burney to continue his daughter in such an uncongenial place, for the mere pittance of two hundred pounds a year and the perquisites of board and two servants.

Not long after her release, which was brought about by sickness and the efforts of exasperated friends, we find her thrown into the society of some French refugees; and falling in love with Count D'Arblay, she married him. His fortune having been lost in the French Revolution, they had no other means of subsistence than a precarious annuity of one hundred pounds, which was temporarily settled on Miss Burney by Queen Charlotte. Providing for the family largely devolved upon herself; and shortly after her marriage she published her third novel, "Camilla." It was anxiously expected, but never attained the popularity of her first publications.

"Daddy" Crisp, who had not failed

to give her what he could not bear himself—adverse criticism—was gone. She could no longer invoke the paternal care of Johnson; and, between her admiration of his resounding style, court formality, and French notions, she was wholly afloat. In 1802 she joined her husband in Paris, where she remained for the next ten years. Of her later productions, one of her admirers said: "If she carried a bad style to France, she brought a worse one back; that, really, language could hardly give to it a correct description." In the *Memoirs* of her father, there is no indication of age, no lack of power, but a marvelous perversion of it. Indeed, it is melancholy to follow her literary career through the last half of her life, and observe how her genius was debased by a lack of good sense. But it is also encouraging to every student of style or claimant of popular favor in this direction, to note that it is to the unpretentious simplicity of her earliest works, especially "*Evelina*," which was written before the age of twenty-five, that she owes her classic fame. We mean not to detract from Madame D'Arblay's achievements, or imply that her talents were not equal to the position to which chance and fashion had elevated her. As to her merit, time, which only enhances the value of whatever is enduring, has clearly set its stamp of approval on her least pretentious and unaffected effort. While we are constantly reminded of the truth of Swift's remark, that "no man makes an ill figure who understands his own talents, or a good one who mistakes them," we must not forget that Madame D'Arblay was by no means the first of those who, quitting their natural sphere, have not only betrayed to a curious world the precise limits of their capacity, but pointed a most instructive lesson to those who aim at literary eminence.

At this remote day, we record Madame D'Arblay's course with surprise, when

we reflect that she was the especial favorite of Samuel Crisp, who, if he had not over-estimated his ability, and aimed to achieve that for which his talents did not fit him, might have been a most useful member of society; and that she could not have been unmindful how Newton, whose house her father occupied, failed when he quitted his province of the stars for apocalyptic visions. These things, however, hardly detract from true greatness, and if posterity takes exact account of them, it is to profit by their failures, rather than expose their conceit and lack of self-knowledge.

No one can rob Madame D'Arblay of the honor of having opened up to women a new era of achievement and usefulness. It is her distinctive glory that "*Evelina*" was the first book written by a woman, purporting to be a representation of life and manners, which met with general approval, or that could be commended by serious people. Indeed, we think she manifested a much greater degree of heroism than is usually accorded to her, for most of the novels preceding the advent of "*Evelina*" were such as no lady would care to acknowledge she had read. To undertake any thing so formidable as the production of a work which should not only vindicate the right of feminine talent and genius to an equal share with men in this field of letters, but which should be entirely free from all the debasing qualities which had hitherto characterized this kind of writing, and made the name of novel a synonym for the absurd and ridiculous, was no ordinary task. In this respect she was singularly successful; and also in her distinctive sphere of illustrating the peculiar and whimsical.

Since her day, women have shown a remarkable facility for this kind of writing, and some of their works have been so meritorious as almost to preclude unfavorable criticism. Indeed, at the time

"Evelina" made its first appearance, Jane Austin, who proved to be almost Shakespearean in her delineations of character, was only a few years of age. Miss Austin's success, however, lay in a far higher domain of art than Madame D'Arblay's, viz: the ability to follow nature in the portrayal of the individual, and to seize on those subtle distinctions which characterize the endless varieties of human character.

It is often said that genius knows no nationality; that its domain is the universe, its limits the boundaries of thought. However this may apply to men, it is evidently not inapplicable to women of genius. From olden times even unto the present, men have laid their best gifts on the altar of their country, and have deemed themselves honored in having the opportunity; but women, save in rare and exceptional cases, have aimed at no such service. We offer no excuse or

reason for such condition, but simply observe the fact as an additional cause why feminine genius should combine for a broader nationality than that defined by seas, mountains and imaginary lines. As depravity and suffering are hedged in by no fictitious barriers; as ignorance and superstition are germane to no climate; as incapacity and despair form no inconsiderable portion of the procession of life, so should women of thought and genius unite in making the world their country, and barbarism, ignorance and irreligion their foe.

Furthermore, in these days when mankind are taking cognizance of every feminine achievement and success, and are holding fast to the restraints which feudal and barbaric ages have bequeathed to her, it is most gratifying to remember that we owe to a woman the impetus which has purified and utilized one of the grandest and most beautiful domains of literary art.

A PLEA FOR THE INNOVATORS.

BY J. R. BOISE.

WE have not in mind the innovators in religion, politics, or fashions; but certain innovators in language.

Those who read the "Galaxy," and are fond of verbal criticism, must have been entertained by a spicy article from the pen of Richard Grant White, in the number for March, on "Is Being Done—A Chapter of Words and their Uses." This offending phrase is attacked from every conceivable point, in true knight-errant style; and is as completely demolished as a certain windmill, of which we read in an old heroic legend, was, or ought to have been.

We do not forget that we live in a house with tolerably large glass windows,

and we therefore keep on the best terms possible with that numerous class of naughty boys who throw stones. Of course, we never throw any ourselves. We don't mean to on the present occasion.

Yet, we must confess to a little surprise, and a dim recollection of the old proverb about the physician who healed himself—or rather who didn't—when, in the first three pages of an article so critical, we meet with words so rare, or of such questionable society, as those which we have italicized in the following expressions: "Neither wholesome nor appetizing;" "Ask a young-eyed cherubin;" "A worthy offspring and

outcome of English grammar;" "Five years ago he, rustic, was milking the old cow, or, urban, 'was *poning* the gutter';" "A monster of pedantry and priggishness."

But to the phrase "is being done." "When the form *is being done* was first used," says the critic, "and by whom, would be an interesting subject of inquiry to a man whose time and attention were not taken up by something of more importance. What sort of creature was he? What was his way of thinking? How was he led to the perpetration of this deed? These questions are not beyond the reach of research and criticism; but they will hardly be determined sooner than what song the Sirens sang, or which way the tower of Siloam fell. The earliest example that I have remarked of the usage in question, is in 'The Life of a Looking-glass,' an allegorical essay by Miss Jane Taylor, a pious and didactic writer for young people—'authoress of religious juveniles,' as our publishers say—who was a contributor to a London magazine, under the signature of 'Q. Q.,' between the years 1816 and 1822. She makes her looking-glass say: 'At last, after many, to me, unintelligible movements, I found, to my great joy, that my prison *was being unbarred*.'"

In another connection, the fact is stated more distinctly that the villain was born in England—not on this vulgar side of the Atlantic. We breathed more freely when we learned this fact, and were glad that this wicked invention in speech could not be added to the catalogue, already too long, of our national sins. There is more hope, also, that the new-comer may yet attain some respectability, if only born on genuine British soil, and brought to us through the custom-house directly from England. But it appears, after all, not to be so very new; in fact, to be fifty or more years old—a very respectable age

for a word or construction; almost as old and as extensively used as the choice word "neologism," which Mr. White accepts without a challenge.

We can not follow the article in the "Galaxy" through in order. It exhibits learning, research, sprightliness, and a scholarly indignation at all marauders in language. The gist of the whole—the main argument—is contained in the following paragraph:

"What, then, is the fatal absurdity in this phrase, which has been so long and so widely used that, to some people, it seems an old growth of the language, while it is, in fact, a mere transplanted sucker, without life and without root? It is, in the combination of *is* with *being*, in the making of the verb *to be* a supplement, or, in grammarian's phrase, an auxiliary, to itself—an absurdity so palpable, so monstrous, so ridiculous, that it needs only to be pointed out to be scouted."

Indeed! We may expect then, now that it has been once "pointed out," that it will henceforth be everywhere "scouted." And yet, we have actually seen this construction in print, in respectable editorials, written since its absurdity was so clearly "pointed out;" and that, too, from the pens of those who had read the criticism in the "Galaxy." Strange that very sensible men, and very good writers, should commit, knowingly, forewarned, "an absurdity so palpable, so monstrous, so ridiculous." Really, the strength, the vehemence, the positiveness, the apparent indignation in this statement, remind us of a certain manner often assumed by those who have something rather incredible to say. The absurdity lies "in the making of the verb *to be* an auxiliary to itself." Is this all, the whole absurdity? Then are we compelled to classify ourselves among those who are so blind, or so stupid, as not to be able to see any absurdity at all. We may grant that such a usage has not

been common in our particular branch of the Indo-European family; that this rare usage may have been somewhat recently introduced, and that it may not have found its way quite yet into our very best society; but that it is absurd in principle to make the verb *to be* an auxiliary to itself, is not quite so clear. We need only go to our nearest neighbors, the Germans—those, in fact, who are most nearly related to us in language, and who understand linguistic criticism and proprieties almost as well as we Americans—to find the idiom in question, the monstrous and ridiculous absurdity, in constant use. What scholar does not know that the verb *sein*, signifying *to be*, is the constant and regular auxiliary of itself; not in the precise form in which we make *to be* an auxiliary of itself in English, still it is an auxiliary of itself; and if there is any inherent absurdity in this, anything illogical, or of the nature of a solecism, it is just as palpable and monstrous and ridiculous in the one language as in the other. There is, however, in fact, no necessary absurdity in making a verb the auxiliary of itself; and we do this constantly in the case of the verb *to have*, the regular auxiliary of itself.

Again, let us look at Italian a moment. Who, that has taken his "six lessons," has not learned "*Io sono stato*;" just as the Germans say "*Ich bin gewesen*,"—*I am been*; not as we and also the French say, *I have been*. Really! *I am been*! How "absurd and ridiculous!" Poor stupid Germans! poor stupid Italians! to make "the verb *to be* an auxiliary to itself." It is perfectly proper to make the verb *to have* an auxiliary to itself, but not the verb *to be*. Usage can not sanction "an absurdity so palpable, so monstrous, so ridiculous." Surely the Germans and Italians ought to come to us to learn how to talk and write. We know how!

But the reasoning of our critic appears to us equally inconclusive in what follows: "*To be*—called by Latin grammarians the substantive verb—expresses mere existence or affirmation. It predicates of its subject either simple absolute existence, or whatever attribute follows it. *To be* and *to exist* are perfect synonyms—or more nearly perfect, perhaps, than any two verbs" (query, *other two verbs*?) "in the language. In some of their meanings there is a shade of difference, but in others there is none whatever; and the latter are those which serve our present purpose. When we say, 'he, being forewarned of danger, fled,' we say, 'he, existing forewarned of danger, fled.' (!) When we say that a thing is done, we say that it exists done. (!) * * * * *Is being done* is simply *exists existing done*. (!) To say, therefore, that a thing is being done, is not only to say (in respect of the last two participles) that a process is going on and is finished, at the same time, but (in respect of the whole phrase) that it exists existing finished; which is no more or (*sic*) other than to say that it exists finished, is finished, is done; which is exactly what those who use the phrase do not mean. It means this, if it means anything; but, in fact, it means nothing, and is the most incongruous combination of words and ideas that ever attained respectable usage in any civilized language."

It has then, it seems, "attained respectable usage." If so, we question whether such reasoning, such novel criticism as the above, will have any perceptible effect on the evil current. We shall about as soon expect that some alligator at the mouth of the Mississippi will dam up the river. "*To be* and *to exist* are perfect synonyms;" at least sometimes. We fail to see this, even in the examples cited. *Being forewarned* is the same thing as to say *existing forewarned*; and *is being done* the same as *exists existing done*. This

is truly a discovery, and we think the critic is safe in saying, as he introduces it, "The full absurdity of this phrase has not yet yet been pointed out. Indeed, the essence of its nonsense seems not to have been discovered; at least, I believe I am safe in saying that it has not hitherto been pointed out." The critic is safe! He is the discoverer!

Hitherto, we had supposed the verb *to be* to have two uses, sufficiently distinct. In the one use, it contains in itself the entire predication; as when we say, *God is*, we may equally well say, *God exists*. In the other, and far more common use, *to be* is called by the grammarians a logical copula, as simply uniting the subject and predicate. In this use, we do not understand it to be a synonym, or anything like a synonym, of the verb *to exist*. Both uses are seen in the words, "The Lord is, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." For the first *is*, we may substitute *exists*; not for the latter, without offending against English usage. The mistake of the critic lies just here; that is, in substituting *exists* for *is* in the place of a mere logical copula. *God exists* seems perfectly natural English; *God exists a rewarder*, no one would say.

But apart from all these criticisms, the practical question, the only question which any body cares for, is this—shall we lay aside our scruples and adopt the idiom, *is being*, with a perfect participle, for the present passive, and *was being*, etc., for the imperfect passive? We have all had our scruples; indeed, we have formerly fought against the invader with as much loyalty to the queen (and her pure, old, genuine English) as though we had been one of her born subjects. But we are now prepared, unless we find some better reasons for our hostility than any we have yet seen, to lay down our arms, even at the risk of being reminded—we should not say *existing* reminded—

that we only present another instance of the old truth, "We first endure, then pity, then embrace." Why, then, should we admit this parvenu into our society? We are willing any body should ask us, and are equally willing to give two reasons, which we consider substantial and sound.

First, the phrase in question, the "neologism," supplies a real necessity. It does express to most minds, clearly and without ambiguity, an idea which no other combination of English words expresses with equal precision. We think there can be no doubt of this fact; and it is a very important fact. The old form of the English present passive—the same as the present active—is sometimes a little obscure, to say the least. On the supposition that language is not intended to cover up ideas (except in diplomacy), we may sometimes, with advantage, adopt for the present passive a form distinct from the present active. It was a noteworthy peculiarity of the English tongue that the two should ever have been identical, and we only wonder that such an element of ambiguity, such an indication of poverty of speech, should have been endured so long. We wonder that the usage of "our best society" should have had so marked and and permanent an influence. Even our critic acknowledges the existence of some vagueness or ambiguity in the form *is doing* for *is being done*, and proposes the restoration of the old English form *is a-doing*, in which *a* is said to mean, not *a* but *in*. A very good instance of the ambiguity to which we allude is the following: "Plutarch was whipping a slave, and while the slave was whipping, he told his master that, in this whipping, he set at naught his own moral principles." Now, our critic proposes to remove the obscurity of the second clause, by saying while the slave was *a-whipping* (bearing in mind, of course, that this means *in whipping*.)

We question whether the suggestion of the critic will be adopted. The current of a language does not often flow backwards, and we think it is not likely to do it in this instance. For ourself, we shall wait till somebody else "sets the fashion" of saying *a-doing*, etc. But even this device does not always succeed well. We can say *the house is building*, and may not misunderstand; but is it any clearer to say *the house is a-building*? The critics must put up with it, if we say sometimes *the house is being built*; for none but critics can misunderstand us. We repeat, then, that this "neologism" supplies, in our language, a real necessity, a necessity which is felt. We might illustrate this point much more at length, but forbear.

Added to the above reason for admitting the parvenu into our company, is the fact that he is already old enough, and has seen good society. Consequently, he knows how to behave; he is not always thrusting himself forward on improper occasions, but knows how to act his part very well. It is fifty years, at least, since *is being done* and his fellows (grammarians would say *cognate expressions*) were first heard of. Nobody knows where he was born, but during all this time, though he has been much spoken against, he has continually been rising in reputation. We like him, also, none the worse, because he has traveled in Europe, has seen England, perhaps was born there, has at least many respectable acquaintances and friends there.

But if we use *is being* and *was being* for the present and imperfect passive indicative, then are we bound, for consistency's sake, some will say, to carry it through all the inflections of the passive in the other moods, and to say *it may be being*, *it might be being*, *to be being*, etc. This seems very plausible at first view as an objection, but has really no weight whatever. We are not

bound for consistency's sake, nor for any other reason, to use a word or formula of words any oftener than we please. If it ever becomes important to use the phrase in question in the dependent moods, for the sake of precision in thought, we shall make the expression subordinate to the thought; but language is our servant, not our master, and we will not have this or that idiom thrust upon us, except just when and where we please. Defective verbs are among the most common forms of speech, and there is no anomaly, inconsistency, or absurdity, in using a particular idiom, any more than a particular word, in a part of a verb, without carrying it through all the inflections.

The careful study of other languages, and the desire to express their meaning accurately and without ambiguity in our own, has often led scholars to feel the lack of a more exact expression for the present and imperfect passive. Let us take for example the simple Latin sentence *literæ scribuntur*. How shall we render it? Shall we say *a letter is writing*, or, with the improvement suggested by our critic, *a letter is a-writing*? This would be the old English form of the present passive; yet we think few Latin scholars now-a-days would render it thus. It would commonly be expressed in these words, *a letter is written*; and, for most connections, this would be considered sufficiently accurate. It does not, however, denote precisely the idea—that of *continued* action. It rather denotes *completed* action. It corresponds to the German *der Brief ist geschrieben*, which is a perfect tense; not to the present passive *der Brief wird geschrieben*. Corresponding to this last German sentence, we have in English no exact form, unless we say *the letter is being written*, or *is becoming written*. But the last—*is becoming*—sounds no better than *is being*. If, then, we care for accurate

thought, unambiguously expressed, we shall sometimes have to face the wrath of the critics and say *is being*, followed by a perfect participle.

We would not speak disrespectfully of the critics and purists. They are a terror to mankind generally, and we come under this head. But they are not merely a terror, like the fallen angels. They perform many a kind and useful service. We, in fact, count those men among our chief benefactors, who have pointed out to us the faults in our language, who have suggested to us how we might speak and write with more perspicuity and purity; and hence, how we might *think* with more precision. Language is one of the most important instruments which we have to use. Our success in life depends vastly more on this instrument than we at first suppose. He, therefore, who aids us in improving it, in rendering it as perfect as possible, is a great benefactor. Such is the wise, high-minded, intelligent, accomplished critic. At a great remove from this ideal is the so-called critic whose only delight is in fault-finding; who dare not say anything, and will not allow us to say anything, except in the oldest stereotyped phrase; who will reject every fresh, nervous, bold expression of thought, if be it new and homely. Such men—and they are to be found too often—do infinitely more harm than good. Their touch is like that of the torpedo to men of delicate nerves. They can benumb, even fatally; but they have no power to animate, and quicken into activity, slumbering, latent genius. Their methods of examination are false, and they seem incapable of choosing the right point of view. They would look at St. Peter's Church with a microscope. They can see a single, minute point, one at a time; but they can take no general comprehensive view. Too many such men have found "chairs" in our American colleges; and we have sometimes thought one

reason why the so-called self-educated men often show so much more vigor of language and boldness of conception than the graduates of the colleges, lies in the fact that they have not been pruned to death.

Language must have freedom of movement. It must flow onward. Remaining stationary, it soon becomes stagnant. The rapidity with which living languages change will surprise any man who has not looked into this subject. We had intended to dwell at some length on this topic, and to present some views from the lectures of Professor Whitney on "Language and the Study of Language," but our space forbids. We can emphatically recommend this work as one of the ablest that we have seen on linguistic science. The first two lectures speak more particularly of the changes and growth of language. Incidentally, some words, that have been condemned by critics of the microscopic sort, are introduced. Thus, the word *reliable* has been proscribed on the ground that we do not say *to rely a person*, but *to rely on a person*; and hence the word, if used at all, ought to be *reli-on-able*, which would be ridiculous. Professor Whitney replies to this: "English etymology is by no means so precise in its application of the suffix *able* as the objectors claim; it admits *laughable*, meaning 'worthy to be laughed at;' *unaccountable*, 'not to be accounted for;' and even *objectionable*, 'liable to objection;' *marriageable*, 'fit for marriage,' and so forth." Again, it is said the word *reliable* "is low-caste; A, B, and C, those prime authorities in English style, are careful never to let it slip from their pens." The reply is, "Whatever A, B, and C may do, it is certain that D, F, and H, with most of the lower part of the alphabet, (including nearly all the X's, Y's and Z's, the unknown quantities,) use the new form freely; and it is vain to stand out against the full ac-

ceptance of a word which is supported by so much and so respectable authority." Such is the character of the dispute about the word *reliable*, and about many other words, as well as many forms of expression. The result of such a controversy can not be doubtful.

Everybody is acquainted with the old rhetorical canon, usually expressed in the words of Horace, *usus norma loquendi—usage is the rule of speech*. This maxim, says Professor Whitney, "is of supreme and uncontrolled validity in every part and parcel of every human tongue."

In the application of this rule, it is not the "usage" of the select few that determines the result in doubtful cases. Not only in our own democratic country, but in the most despotic lands as well, the usage of the many is "of supreme and uncontrolled validity." Max Müller, in a most interesting discussion,* shows quite conclusively that languages do not grow from above downward, but from beneath, upward. "Literary dialects," says he, "or what are called classical languages, pay for their temporary greatness by inevitable decay. They are like stagnant lakes at the side of great rivers." * * * *

"Or it may be more accurate to compare a literary idiom with the frozen surface of a river, brilliant and smooth, but stiff and cold. It is mostly by political commotions that this surface of the more polite and cultivated speech is broken and carried away by the waters rising underneath." * * * * "As soon as a language loses its unbounded capability of change, its carelessness about what it throws away, and its readiness in always supplying instantaneously the wants of mind and heart,

its natural life is changed into a merely artificial existence. It may live on for a time, but while it seems to be the leading shoot, it is in reality but a broken and withering branch, slowly falling from the stock from which it sprang."

These are important truths worthy of much reflection. They should teach us to use more freedom in the choice of words and expressions; to be less afraid of adopting what is new, even before it has received the endorsement of the select few; to avail ourselves of every thing truly valuable, in the wide range of common speakers and writers; to borrow even from the humbler walks of life whatever will enable us to express our thoughts with more freshness and clearness and force. That which is coarse, which offends against correct taste, will be instinctively avoided; but a word or phrase is not necessarily vulgar and coarse, because it has thus far been heard only among the lowly many. It may be only a wild plant, which but needs to be transferred to our gardens, to become a very queen in the flower-bed.

These remarks have been suggested by the discussion respecting *is being done*. Perhaps they may seem irrelevant; but they may teach us, if we accept them as truth, more unconcern for hypercriticism, more freedom and boldness of style, and may lead us into a wider field for the choice of words and phrases. Perhaps there is little need in our country of such teachings as these, but freedom, and even negligence, when attended with a certain dignified strength, is far preferable to the timid, prim, conventional style, which has been pruned down so as to be beyond the reach of criticism.

* LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.—Lecture Second: The Growth of Language.

MARTHA HELYER'S HEART.

BY ELLIS YETTE.

IT was a sultry evening in July. All day the sun had burnt and glared in the cañons, scorched the spare verdure of the streams, and melted the snow upon the mountain tops. All day the flowers had leant languidly over the streams, and the trout had floated listlessly in the deepest shadows of the rocks. All day the sky had been cloudless—piteously bright and promising.

This is what the day had been. The sun went down gorgeously in a golden sea, whose waves were purple and flame. The gold faded to gray, the purple to ashes, and the short western twilight drew on.

There was a little cañon in the Wasatch Range, where the sun seemed to linger, as if it found pleasure in blazing on the granite rocks and sparkling on the glistening sand. Even the scrub-oaks threw long shadows, and the dingy sage-bush looked soft and hazy in the waning light.

Just as the last flush faded from the western sky, and the rocks were putting on their evening frown, the sharp sound of a bell resounded through the upper part of the cañon, and, at the same moment, a noisy mill—which had all day been waking the unwilling echoes—stopped for the night. The mill was a large, roughly-built building, standing in the widest part of the cañon, which there opened out into space enough for two or three fields. Opposite it, on the other side of the road, stood the mill-house, a low log building, with small windows and widely open door, from which issued the odor of the evening meal. There was neither garden nor tree near the house; only a potato-field

behind, and a cattle shed near by. Beyond rose an almost perpendicular wall of rock—bare, brown, rugged, but fringed in some places with a low growth of hardy firs. High up, in the crevices of the rocks, waved delicate little blossoms, tiny yellow lilies, little purple cups, with their circle of green leaves; but lower down the earth seemed to have been left to man's care, and there little grew save the wild sage and wilder weeds.

Meanwhile the workmen had left the mill, and, after washing themselves in an old wash-basin which stood on a bench in front of the house, were talking and laughing together in the road. They were four in number—rough, strongly-built men, who had been miners, loggers, cattle-tenders, wood-choppers, and were ready for any work that came to hand.

"Wa'al," said the shortest, and apparently also the youngest, of the party, "t's time that supper was ready; what in creation 're they waiting for?"

"Guess th' old man haint ready yet—seein' t' th' oxen or suthin'," replied another. "Guess you're hungry, Bill!"

"You bet!" replied the first speaker. "But where's Mat?" he added, looking round; "I don't see her no where."

"That gal 's got the sulks or suthin'," said Jack Wheel, the shingle-maker. "She works awful—beats everything I ever see; but ye can't get a decent word out of her."

"I reckon she's got suthin' on her mind, Jack, an' don't you be hard on her," replied Bill. "She 's a good gal—Mat is."

"You think well on her," retorted the other, "an' its a pity she don't re-

turn the compliment; but ef ye had to see that glum face o' hern all day, while she piled up shingles like blazes, an' ye couldn't get a civil word out o' her, ye wouldn't like it neither."

"I know," returned the other, "Mat ain't like what she used to be; she's sort o' down-in-the-mouth like."

Here the supper bell rang, and Bill whispered, under cover of the noise, "That fellow 's been using her bad, an' she ain't got over it yet."

Jack smiled scornfully, and whistling "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," went in to supper.

When supper was nearly over, a figure came slowly up a rough path that led down to the stream, and entered the house. She was a strongly-built young woman of twenty or thereabouts, of medium hight, dressed in a coarse dark working suit. The face was large and broad, from which the thick brown hair had been carelessly brushed away; the mouth was full and firmly closed; the cheeks colorless, and the eyes were of a dark intense gray, which to-night wore an expression of dogged resistance.

As she entered the house a noisy laugh greeted her, and a sarcastic:

"Well, Mat, I suppose you've been mooning by the brook. Which are most plenty, fishes or beaus?"

Without reply, Martha seated herself by the girl in pink ribbons who had thus addressed her, and began to eat her supper. The conversation went on—conjectures about a coming storm, some repairs wanted in the mill-dam, and the likelihood of catching some trout after supper, with an occasional interruption from the baby in the cradle.

"Mat," whispered Bill, as they left the table, "come down to the green trout-hole after a while."

Mat nodded, and began to gather up the supper things. Then Fanny took herself and the pink ribbons out to flirt with the young men in front of the

door, and the millman's wife and Mat put the house to rights.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Mat got away, and found Bill waiting for her on the rock overhanging the green trout-hole. He made room for her to sit down beside him, which she did; but he kept on kicking loose stones into the water, and did not say a word.

Mat also was silent. She sat quietly looking up at the pale moon—struggling with the fleecy clouds which now overspread the sky—with a dull pain at her heart, and a feeling of pity for herself, as if she were pitying some one else.

"Bill," she said at last, "what do you want to say to me? It's late, an' I'm tired."

"I know, Mat, an' I'm a fool; but I'm yer friend, an' I wanted t' say that I'd be yer friend, an' stand by ye, if no body else don't; an' Mat," he added in an almost savage whisper, "if that fellow don't use you right, I'll pay, him; by God, I will!"

"Don't, Bill," said Mat, with a gasp, clenching her hands lest she should cry out, "don't Bill—you can't—no body can't help me."

"But he'll break yer heart—the villain—an' I could break his neck—I could," and he sent down a stone that almost splashed the water into their faces.

"Bill," said Mat, "ye mean well, an' I thank ye kindly; but 't isn't so. Don't ye nor nobody say that Alf Wert's breakin' my heart. He ain't. He's his own master; he kin do 's he likes, an' my heart ain't breakin'. I've had some trouble, Bill, that I can't tell ye about; but don't you nor nobody ever say that it's Alf Wert's doin's."

"But, Mat, O Mat!" said the boy, as the moonlight fell on her face, and he saw how white it was, "if ye ever need a friend, come to me."

As she turned to him and heard that tremor in his voice, it may have been

that she saw the shadow of a sorrow as heavy as her own.

"Bill," she said softly, "I will."

It was a hard wearing life that Martha Helyer lived—bundling shingles in the old mill. Hers had always been a hard life; there had been little in it save toil. When the girl first found herself, she was a dependent without home or kin. She had worked ever since. Hers had been the old treadmill life; she had worked, eaten and slept—perhaps with scarce a thought of any thing beyond. But she had capacity for better things. Her earnest nature, her passionate loving heart, her strong though almost untaught mind, clinging to right and honor, might have made her a woman to be loved and revered. And she *was* worthy. She was a poor ignorant drudge; her path had always lain in the dark ways of life; no helping hand had ever been held out to her. But she was pure—she was true; her lamp was not the brightest, but she lived in its purest flame.

And she had a lover—Alf Wert of the "Lower Mill." He was different from her—less ignorant—more refined; he had mingled with more civilized people; and it was a proud day for Mat when she first knew that he came to see *her*. And she loved him. Without a thought of his returning it, she gave her love as freely as God gives us all his care. And she gave it all. She was a whole-souled loving woman, and she used her right of love as if she had been a man. Then Mat had lived. Then there had come to her the vision of a home, no matter how poor or humble, if only shared with him; a place where she could work for him, live for him, and as gladly die for him. No life could have been too hard if shared with him. All the passion and power of her womanhood went out to him; her heart gloried and triumphed in her love.

But possession sometimes tempts to indifference; and when Alf knew that her heart was his, he did not seem to value it so highly as when he was uncertain what her answer would be. Then Fanny came to see her aunt, and flirt her ribbons; and it promised to be a repetition of the old, old story. Fanny was pretty and selfish; Alf unstable and flattered by the new admiration; and Mat's heart was very heavy.

But there was something that lay more heavily on the poor girl's heart than Alf's indifference. It is hard to bury those we love—to know that there will be "voice no more, heart no more, hand no more"—that what has been is past and gone forever; it is hard to lose our friends—to know that the world's tide has swept between us and shut them from our sight; but it is hardest of all to lose faith in them—to know that it was not them we loved, but an ideal we called by their names—that our love is objectless, our arms empty!

Mat carried a sorrow that she was too loyal to breathe even to herself. She was more jealous of Alf's honor than of her own; and, as she walked back to the house that night, she was striving to crush down the fears and doubts that arose in her mind. She looked up at the hurrying clouds—at the wan moon that seemed so sad and lonely—and she swore to herself that it was not true; that she would not believe it; that Alf was true and honest to himself, if not to her; that she would prove it so, and then little matter if he did not love her—if he were only true.

"And so, Mattie, you don't care for me any more, and don't want to marry me; and a week ago you were jealous if I spoke to another girl! What do you mean, and what is it all about?"

Alfred Wert looked rather angry and very much perplexed, as he talked to Martha, leaning against the half-open door.

Mat was laying shingles with unsteady hands, and she tried to go on with her work as she answered him :

"Because, Alf, you've been playing fast and loose long enough ; an' you'd better marry Fanny, if she'll have you."

"She'd have me fast enough," laughed Alf, scornfully ; "but I don't want her."

"Yes you do, Alf, you want to marry her or let her alone. It's time you done one thing or th' other."

"I'm going to marry you, Mat," said he, thoroughly roused by her opposition, "so don't make such a confounded fuss, but let a fellow have some peace, can't you?"

"You don't want to marry me," said Mat, quietly, dropping her work and looking him steadily in the eyes ; "you don't care for me as you used to," here her voice slightly trembled, "and you never shall marry me. You know me, an' you might 's well talk to these rocks. You know it—let it pass. But that girl—"

"What's that to you?" asked Alf, roughly. "If you turn me off, I shan't answer to you, and it's none of your business. I shall pay attentions to whom I please."

"Alf," she replied calmly, "it's my business, an' it's the business of any other decent woman, how you use that girl. She's a foolish young thing—not the wife I hoped you'd have—but she loves you, an' if you don't marry her you'd better let her alone. You could break my heart, but ye could never make me lose my self-respect."

"Nonsense, Mat! who wants to hear anything about self-respect?" exclaimed Alf. "You've turned me off, and you needn't expect me to be preached to afterwards!"

"O Alf!" sobbed the girl, "only tell me ye mean honorable by her!"

"Of course I do," said Alf, "and perhaps I won't come to see her any

more. And may be you'll think better of it, Mat."

She shook her head.

"Some times we wake up and find our dreams gone ; but we don't often break our hearts, Alf, only we are sorry. An' now you'd better go," she said.

"Say good-by, Mat, and that we'll be friends."

"Yes, we'll be friends," repeated she, mechanically, giving him her hand.

He took it in his—her hard, brown, working hand—and perhaps he thought of the many times he had held it fast, and pictured an easier life for her in his own home. Perhaps a waft of the old sweetness came back upon him, like the breath of a faded flower. But Fanny's light voice and gayer laugh recalled him, and, with one glance at the stony face before him, he was gone.

There are times when the daily cares and dull routine of life are almost maddening ; when the petty tasks and trials of daily life are almost unbearable, and the heart beats and frets against them like a bird against the bars of its cage. Life is a trial of patience, and it is often easier to die than to live.

Mat never knew how that summer wore itself away. The days had never seemed so long, the nights so unending. The sun seemed to shine with double lustre, as if mocking the brightness that had gone from her life ; and the gay songs of the birds were the echoes of the joys that were past. It was a hard, bitter summer, and she was often tempted to curse God and die. She was poor and friendless ; she had nothing but Alf. Fanny had home and friends, and the beauty that had taken her all. Was it right? Why had God made her poor, ignorant and homeless? Why had he given Fanny all and her nothing? And from her work by day, and her hard bed at night, there went up an exceeding bitter

cry—a cry that her burden was heavier than she could bear. It was a hard, bitter life, hidden under a mask of indifference and smiles that cost her untold pain. It was a long, pitiful summer; but at last it wore itself away. And the pain and weariness have been mercifully hidden and softened by the hand of time, as the ivy greenly covers the ruins to which it clings.

Autumn came at last, and the wild flowers faded one by one; the wild berries ripened, and the frosts painted the leaves with gold. The days were mild and dreamy; the sun shone softly on the rocks and streams, and the air was sadly laden with the breath of the dying year. The flowers had faded like Martha's hopes; the earth, like her heart, had put away its gladness; and she welcomed the fallen leaf and the shorter days as if they were her friends. She hoped that the birds and flowers, the cool shadows and the summer days, would take her old life with them and bury it from her sight. Then—when the snow was piled in the cañon, and the winter wind drifted it in clouds, and the torrent lifted its white arms as it roared through the rocks—she would take up her life, patiently and calmly as might be, and carry it to the end. She was poor and ignorant and alone; but she had suffered, and suffering was the noblest teacher she could have. It had brought out the cravings of her better nature, and sent her blindly groping for an unseen light. Out of the mist and darkness she was slowly creeping—struggling for foothold on the rocks of doubt and despair, and gathering strength for the journey to that blessed country where the tears shall be wiped from all eyes.

But she was to have one more struggle in the old life, one more fiery trial, before the days of pain were past. Her old friend Bill, who had watched her so long, and grieved over her white face and sleepless eyes, came to her one

day with a grave face, and they talked for a long time while she sat at work. What he told her no one ever knew; but in that hour she grew ten years older, and her face was as white as the snow that already lay thickly on the mountains.

That night she told the miller that the next day she must go down the cañon to the nearest town; that she would walk and come back the day after. To all his remonstrances about the distance, and advice of waiting until next day, when he was going down with a wagon, she replied that she could walk and she could not wait. The miller's wife hoped that she would see Fanny, and loaded her with messages to her friends. "Yes, she would be sure to see Fanny," she said, and she bitterly thought that they did not know how sure.

All that night she tossed sleeplessly on her bed, often clinching her hands lest she should cry out in her misery, and sometimes fearing that she would lose her reason. For her all was gone—her trust and faith; the sanctuary had been unveiled, the idol thrown down. But she might save Fanny from a sadder fate. If the girl would not believe her, she would tell her of the love that had trusted and believed him, and how this losing all faith in him had almost broken her heart. Nothing should be left unsaid, though the mere thought was almost more than she could bear. Then other thoughts came; temptations of the evil one. What was Fanny to her that she should so wring her heart for her? Had not the girl robbed her of all that was dear to her on earth? Why should she lower the man she loved in the eyes of the woman she hated? Perhaps she would not believe her—even after she had laid her heart bare to un pitying eyes—and Alf would hate her, and it would be very hard to bear.

There are martyrs whom the world

knows not of; who are neither burnt at the stake nor tortured in prison; who drag out days of misery and nights of tears, and at last "die and make no sign." They may never be heard of on earth, but their names are written in heaven.

As soon as the day had fairly broken, Martha set out on her journey. The air was cold, and the leaves crackled beneath her feet. The stream was rapid and foaming; but the water had frozen in eddies around withered blades of grass, and the dead leaves, like summer hopes, were whirling down the stream. She went on her way with a calm face and firm step; without haste or hesitation. It might have been that for her the bitterness of death was already past.

The "Lower Mill" was quiet as she passed it; there was no one stirring. Alf must be away, she thought, or he would have been at work at daylight. But Alf's horse neighed as she passed the stable, and, with a look of surprise, she went on.

The cañon grew narrower below the mill, and the rocks rose in a perpendicular wall on either side. The road was narrower—wedged in between the rocks and the stream—and, in some places, the banks had given way. Just at a sharp angle in the road, which suddenly turned to the right, she stooped to pick up something which had caught in a branch overhanging the stream. It was Alf's hat. Almost sick with a vague fear, she knelt down and looked over the bank. There was nothing there. The water almost splashed in her face, but its clear depths did not hide what she feared. She got up and breathed more freely, as she looked across the stream, went a few paces down the road, and still saw nothing. Then she walked on slowly, watching the stream as she went.

The sun was up now, brightening the gray cheerlessness of the early morn-

ing, and dancing on the rushing water; but she started at every jet of spray, and at every quiet shallow which the sun had touched with gold. She was thinking of him as her lover, of the days when he had loved her so well—which last night had seemed so far away—and that she might have been his wife, looking for him in the cold gray of the morning, and calling for him in vain. She forgot where she was going, and that he could never be any thing to her again; nothing spoke to her then but the heart that had been so long his own.

On she went, until the cañon was wider, and the stream broader and more shallow; and then, at a sudden turn of the road—she found him. He was lying on his back in the stream, with his face upturned to the sky. He was cut and bruised, and his clothes were torn; but his lips wore a smile, as of a pleasant dream. The swift current had brought him down, and, at the sudden turn in the stream, left him in the shallows, with his back upon a rock. She dragged him to the bank, and wiped his cold face and hands, and kissed him passionately on cheek and lips and brow. He was hers now, as only death could make him;—he was hers!

Years after, she could thank God that she had found him thus, and that mortal ears had never heard the tale she had to tell; but then she only remembered that she had found him, and he was dead. She could never hear the voice again, never see the love-light in those dear eyes, never feel that life was worth the living because he loved her. She had found him; and he was hers. Let us leave her with her dead.

For many years weeds have sprung up and snow has drifted on Alf's grave. It is the only memorial of him on earth. Perhaps he has been forgotten by all save one heart. But she will never forget him; she never loved any one but Alf.

A PROTEST AND A PLEA.

BY CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW.

CONTRASTS are inevitable, whether flashed on the passive mind or consciously drawn with the design of deducing some desired conclusion. Good and evil, greatness and littleness, riches and poverty, and so on, through all the lengthening list, are ranged side by side, and the relative contrasts stand out in vivid colors. The inexorable dissimilarities of life, in many instances so startling and painful, are ever present to some thoughtful minds; and the whole world stretches away in still more striking contrast to an unseen but fair-imagined heaven.

So, also, is the milder comparison useful and unavoidable. Degrees of talent, usefulness and beauty, have ever been subjected to critical comparison, and ever shall be. But are there not times when the adage becomes true, that "comparisons are odious?" Is there not a modern tendency to pursue the habit to that point when it becomes no longer profitable or legitimate?

We do not at present refer to any thing of the kind which may have been instituted between Mrs. Noveau Riche, in her crimson satin with foamy lace trimmings and diamonds; or Miss Meredosia, in clouds of gauzy white with blue rosettes and pearls, and that long line of ancestors in *chiffonnier* costume! Neither is included Mr. Benedict's transparent reminder, at breakfast, of the bewitching loveliness of either of those ladies to his faded wife—prematurely *passé* under frantic endeavors to make a little money go a great way, and the devoted care of six children and a husband more difficult to manage than any of them! That

all similar comparisons may be characterized as odious, is a foregone conclusion.

But when Sol is compared to Luna, with the idea of deciding the question as to which is the most useful luminary, does not the effort appear absurd? If those heavenly bodies were involved in a lofty dissension, and required the interference of sublunary minds, the discussion of their comparative merits might be pardonable; but, so long as each moves serenely in its own appointed orbit, with only an occasional eclipse, and Miss Moon declines to assert her superiority to Mr. Sun, why not accept the benefits conferred by each, and leave them alone in their respective glory?

The cry of the Present is ever toward the Past—the beautiful Past! The old man sighs over recollections of boyish sports; the matron discovers a silvered hair, and drops a regretful tear over the sweet reminiscences of girlhood. The garments of our grandmothers, though railed against by the masculine portion of society then, are now cited as robes of propriety compared with the prevailing styles of the present; and the modern critic laments the departure of the mist-lightened glories of centuries ago, and deplors the decadence of literature, art and oratory!

True, the literature of successive ages, and of all countries, must constantly be brought into comparison. Styles of writing prevalent at different epochs are as distinctly marked as are the various styles of drapery for the human form at successive periods. As great dissimilarity is discovered between the pedantic literature of the time of

James the First, when writings were cumbered with lengthy Latin quotations, or the flowery euphuism of John Lyly, and the idiomatic style of Addison and Goldsmith, as between the extravagant court costumes of 1785 and the extreme simplicity—approaching nearly to nothingness—of the classical costume of 1796. The fashion now in vogue of writing works of fiction for the purpose of incorporating the author's individual views and sentiments concerning some absorbing question of the day, in which beautiful thoughts are twined amid the intricacies of the plot, and pure morality and religion are pleasantly inculcated, differs widely from the proverbial levity of style of the French novel era. And it is curious to observe the *petite* fashions which obtain in the floating literature of the day—like the varying rosettes on my lady's slipper, which prevail for a time and then are thrown aside for new.

In childhood, the mysterious allusion to "crossing the Rubicon" was so frequently encountered, that it actually produced a sensation akin to nervousness, even after the reference was made clear. Lovers invited their adored ones to "cross the Rubicon" with them; every difficulty to be surmounted was likened to that same "Rubicon," and had a dangerous undertaking proved successful, "the Rubicon was crossed!" It was met the first time in years the other day; possibly it may go the rounds again. The "Ides of March" were forever turning up at all unexpected times and places, and constituted the crisis in many an exciting narration. Lately every thing has been "sandwiched," from the gentleman between two ladies, to the fair day between two rainy ones. Had the "British refreshment sandwiches" of Mugby Junction any thing to do with inaugurating this fashion? A heroine never looks out of a window now-a-days; she invariably "flattens her nose against the

pane." "Ox-eyes" became epidemic in current literature after Mrs. Stowe's description of the noble animals of the Roman Campagna; and "hungry eyes" are always encountered in the characteristic stories of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis. One at all conversant with her productions can not fail to recognize the identity of the writer upon perusing any five lines of a new work.

Yet it is far from the present intention to descant upon national or individual styles of writing. Are we not repeatedly startled by the sweeping assertion that there is no such thing as American literature? Books, magazines and journals, teeming with the productions of American minds, are literally whelming the land with fluttering showers of printed leaves; yet we are assured, with the critic's deep-drawn sigh and elongated countenance, that American literature does not exist! An American novel has never been written; an American poem has yet to be produced! That an Englishman should thus asseverate, is not surprising; but for a native of our own fair land to utter such acknowledgement, seems at least more generous than just.

If the subjects and ideas of our writers are not always confined within provincial boundaries, is it not because the national mind is enlarged, and draws inspiration from the whole world which lies visible to the broadest vision, and refuses to be held in bounds, as others may be, by the contracted limits of some sea-girt isle? "Ah," deprecates the English antiquary, "from the heroic measures of Homer to the jingling rhymes of Jean Ingelow—what a fall is there, my countrymen!" "Ah," the strain of lamentation is continued by that American whose entire stock of reverence is sent over the sea, "Longfellow is not a Tennyson; Julia Ward Howe is not Mrs. Browning; we have no Swinburne!" May the latter deficiency be perpetuated, say some!

So the *litterateurs* of our own country are unsparingly compared with each other. We are gravely informed by some discriminating censor of the press, that Olive Logan is *not* Anna Dickinson! Well, does the sparkling Olive, with her piquant sketchiness and graceful society manner, pretend to be the eloquent political orator whose thrilling sentences have fallen into the hearts of the people like words of living fire?

A preacher delivers an eloquent discourse upon some subject which happens to take hold upon the popular mind, and the ensuing Sabbath the congregation leave the church doors saying, "It is not the sermon we had last Sabbath!" But was one exactly similar to be desired? Thus the works of a popular writer are compared with preceding ones, and frequently pronounced deficient in that which pleased the public taste in the first; the same sensation is anticipated over again. Or the productions of an author are arrayed against what he may possibly accomplish in future. They are very well, perhaps, but are regarded as merely a promise of what may follow, and what must follow, in order to win a modicum of praise.

Very little is accepted at its intrinsic value; every thing must be received relatively to what has gone before or may succeed in future. A writer of acknowledged status in the literary world may relate, in simple terms, how he walked down town and returned, and what he found for dinner, and the world will drink in the report open-mouthed and eager-eyed; while one with no prestige whatever may wander to the land of the Sphinx, and dip a finger in the Dead Sea, and none shall heed the recital. The one may draw out the lengthened sweetness over as great space as possible, and receive the greater reward; the other may condense the thronging statements into the briefest compass expedient, and be sure

they will be well clipped before admission among the favored.

For ourselves, we can not incline to the opinion that Infinite Power was exhausted when Homer was created or Milton was set singing; when Plato was endowed with the mind of a philosopher, or Daniel Webster was gifted with surpassing eloquence. A dozen infantile Popes may even now be lipping their irrepressible numbers; a dozen Bacons in pinafores may be laying, by an eager consumption of lactiferous fluids, a physical foundation for the growth of that largess of wisdom yet to be dispensed to an unsuspecting world! There may be no new thing under the sun, but that assuredly necessitates the repetition of very many old ones. And if, in these later times, no half-dozen books are read and re-read as were those in the homes of past years, when that small number constituted the entire library of the family, is it not for the reason that we are literally surrounded and surfeited with volumes of value; and, possessing the many, no longer so deeply venerate the few?

If our own country lack the moss-grown walls and ivy-crowned turrets of older lands, they, in turn, have not the broad, free prairies rolling to the sky,—

"All the air a sweet psalm
And the prairie a psalm,

For the Lord, when He blest, left the print of His
hand."

If we know not the beautiful paths, worn smooth by the tread of feet long turned to dust, and thronged with continual reminders of the great and gone, yet it is ours to wander on the fresh, pure sod, and in the unaccustomed paths, where our eyes are opened to view the grandeur of a swift-coming future! If we read faint traces of ages flown, we are carried far beyond dates and footprints to that recordless time when remote antiquity was yet unborn, and a nameless race of beings dwelt in this old, new world.

Most momentous of all modern comparisons, is that of man and woman compared with each other! Yet, as Mr. Theodore Tilton briefly suggests in his eloquent lecture upon "The American Woman," why should they be compared? Why, indeed? Has not a comparison been going on ever since the time when the startled Eve gazed, well-pleased, upon the lovely image reflected from the glassy surface of still waters in the beautiful garden, and turned to revere the more majestic mortal at her side?—when, also, Adam beheld his lordly semblance, yet turned satisfied to the bewitching charms of the more graceful Eve? Have not the thousands of years which have since elapsed, with all their revelations, been sufficient for the completion of the vexing comparison? If every man were like the then faultless Adam, would not every woman remain contentedly at his feet, and gratefully accept the bounteous gifts of hand and heart lavished exclusively upon her? And yet, alaa! the veritable Eve went straying off to pluck for herself the rosy, low-hung fruits; and what less can be expected now-a-days, when lords are not too gracious, and there is not one at all for many a waiting subject, who must perforce gather for herself the "apple, quince, and plum and gourd," and furnish her own "spiced dainties every one," or do ignominiously without? For the genus woman is gifted with mind, though certain species may appear to be deficient; and mind will soar and delve, and hands will strive to obey the behests of their restless queen.

Rise, O man, to still loftier summits,

and scale the grander heights far in the dim advance; only deny not woman the privilege to follow so far as her tender feet may go, even if, at the last, she stand securely at your side! Rise, and be sure you shall receive the homage of all true women—and, if you so choose, of one above all others; but ask not that her eyes be reverentially fixed upon the empty niche where once stood her high ideal, while you are groveling low down in the unaspiring valley!

Bind us not with inexorable rules of comparison. Let each select for himself that which seems most sweet and proper and desirable, but accord the largest liberty to all who labor and strive and sing because an inner power compels. Let the graceful recital still please the willing hearer, while the fiery orator holds spell-bound the breathless multitude. Let the little birds of poesy warble their simple songs, though the nightingales of other lands thrill all the trembling air with floods of unequaled melody, or the neighboring groves resound with tuneful strains from the noble singers of our own dear land. Let the romancer weave the tangled threads his hands may hold into a semblance of the varied web of life, though a Scott has lived, and a Dickens yet breathes a vital breath into the pliant forms that move beneath his masterly touch. And let all strive to attain the highest that in them lies, nor shrink and droop and die, with mute lips and folded hands, because of the greater ones, which have been, and are, and yet shall be.

THE MARRIAGE AND MANHOOD OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY E. P. EVANS.

THE first overt act of Shakespeare's dawning manhood, as we are told, was deer-stealing. Strange as it may seem, his contemporaries preserve a discreet silence on this subject. Even his fellow-dramatist, Greene, who envied him, and delighted to speak evil of him, does not allude to this peccadillo. The precious story was first told by Mr. Rowe, a well meaning but very credulous gentleman, who published a *Life of Shakespeare* in 1709, nearly a century after the poet's death. It is now current in Stratford-upon-Avon; and William Howitt narrates how, as he went to meditate under the old lime trees that adorn the park of Charlecote-House (still the property of the Lucys), he was roused from his contemplations by a shrill feminine voice crying out, "Sir, do you wish to see Shakespeare and the deer?" Naturally desiring to be shown this interesting phenomenon, he eagerly followed the footsteps of his guide. Sure enough, there it was—a very commonplace leaden statue of Diana with a fawn by her side. The good people think that the crescent on the brow of the goddess indicates that the deer was stolen by moonlight, as well as the precise quarter of the moon in which the event took place. This little circumstance illustrates very well how much truth there is in the whole tradition. Davies amplifies and generalizes the original myth somewhat, and states that Shakespeare was "given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits." Another biographer adds, that the punishment meted out to the offender was public judicial flagellation. Here the story reaches the climax of absurdity. The only internal evidence that has ever been adduced to substantiate it is that

Justice Shallow has a "dozen white lues" in his coat-of-arms, and that on one occasion he thus accuses Falstaff: "Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge." But if Justice Shallow is Sir Thomas Lucy, are we to believe that the poet meant to be personated himself by the fat knight, the hero of Gadshill and victor over "eleven buckram men?"

The fact is, the story originated in the brain of a foolish gossip, and was kept alive, not so much out of malice as for the sake of the epigrammatic antithesis, the vulgar love of glaring contrasts which delights in finding little defects in the characters of great men. Epigram is good, but truth is better. We are not anxious to free the poet from this accusation on account of its moral bearings. The Right Reverend Father in God, the Bishop of Winchester, once stole deer and shared the spoils with a brother bishop. Poaching was then regarded in the light of a frolic, rather than of a crime; it was the customary and apparently approved method of sowing wild oats; and we do not see why, in Shakespeare's case alone, they should have grown up to brambles. Heinrich Heine seems to favor the theory that Shakespeare was a "*Wild-dieb*," because this shade is necessary, from an artistic point of view, to the perfect picture of the man. We have no desire to make the poet's character a monotonous white wall of immaculateness. He would not be the "many-sided" and "myriad-minded" that he is, had he committed no errors. He speaks "from the vasty deep" of his own experience and consciousness, when he tells us that "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would

be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues." The dramatists who revived the English stage during the latter half of the sixteenth century, were no saints, but strong, healthy men—which is far better; in this respect there is a striking resemblance between them and Wagner, Lenz, Merck, Klinger, and other Titans of the "storm and stress" period, who revolutionized German literature two centuries later.

In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Proteus thus discourses to Valentine:

"— As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the sweetest wis of all."

To this sentimentalism Valentine replies:

"— As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes."

Whether or not Valentine is right as regards the fatal consequence of premature marriage, he certainly expresses the opinion of the world as regards Shakespeare. At the time of this event, Shakespeare was eighteen years of age, whilst Ann Hathaway, his bride, was a mature maiden of twenty-seven. But if it be true, as Lord Bacon says, that a man finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage, this sudden maturity would nearly equalize the matter and keep the balance true. An old writer describes her as "a tall handsome girl with ruby lips," and it was on these coral reefs that the boy-poet is supposed to have made shipwreck. The speech of Hermia's lover, Lysander, has often been quoted to prove the infelicity of his wedded life; because one of the reasons given why "the course of true love never did run smooth," is that it is "misgraffed in respect of years." In "Twelfth Night," also, this same point, viz: disparity of years, is pressed again with an earnest-

ness that seems to spring from bitter personal experience. I refer to the beautiful scene where Viola, disguised as a page, enters into conversation with the Duke, of whom she is enamored, and receives from him this general advice:

"Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart."

And to the man he says:

"Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection can not hold the bent."

As convincing proof that Shakespeare's affection did not "hold the bent," we are told how he settled in London and left his wife in Stratford, visiting her only once a year. One biographer insinuates that he never sent her a penny of his earnings, (a clear case of *unremitting* love,) but spent them in the delights and dissipations of metropolitan life. In his last will and testament he leaves no word of love for his wife, and bequeaths to her only his "second best bed." The sonnets, too, which are the truest records and very issues of his life, indicate that there was some coldness and estrangement between them, and speak also of the "disgraces" and "blots" that clung to him as the results of his "old offences of affections."

1 Various anecdotes are told of him in this connection. One story, related by the garrulous Aubrey, is to the effect that Shakespeare, on his journeys to and from London, used to put up at the Crown Inn at Oxford. The innkeeper, John Davenant, and his wife, were very fond of him, and he stood godfather to their son William. The wicked world hinted that there was something more than friendship between the poet and the witty and beautiful Mrs. Davenant. One day, as William was running home in haste, some one asked him why he ran so. He replied that he wished to see his godfather, who had just arrived. "You're a good boy," retorted his interrogator, "but you ought not to take the name of God in vain." But if there

were errors and blemishes, we know with what sorrow and contrition he regarded them. This is evident from the 109th sonnet, beginning thus:

"O never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify!
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in thy heart doth lie:
That is my home of love."

It is strange that to so few poets fate grants the personal realization of the domestic bias and congenial sympathy of which they are the inspired prophets and apostles. Perhaps it is true that persons of fine imagination are apt to be deceived in this matter of love. The object is illuminated with beams borrowed from their own minds; it floats before them in "a light that never was on sea or land." To a spectator who is "fancy free," it would seem as if Puck had anointed their eyelids, that they discover so much beauty in that coarse mask. It is wonderful how thick the enchantments are laid on. There is a tendency even in the most prosaic soul to idealize the objects of its idolatry. We all know how a homely face is transfigured by the warm atmosphere of friendship; and there is absolutely no form or feature that does not appear beautiful when seen in "the purple light of love." Every kitchen-maid is somebody's angel. The rudest boor falls into a state bordering on frenzy when he looks at Betsy; his fancy gratifies his affection by painting her up to the desire of the mind. Perhaps this deception arises from a wise co-working of the mental and emotional faculties; a charitable illusion, framed by the intellect as a justification of the foolishness of the heart. Emerson defines love, in similar terms, as one of the most "beneficent illusions of sentiment and of the intellect;" an illusion "which attributes to the beloved person all which that person shares with his or her family, sex, age, or condition; nay, with the human mind itself. 'Tis these

which the lover loves, and Anna Matilda gets the credit of them." All beautiful and divine qualities appear to him enshrined in that form, and his beatitude depends upon continuing in the fascination.

Doubtless, with Shakespeare, the charms of metropolitan beauty and splendor did tend to break the spell; the bright rays of the city and of the court dissolved the mirage that had filled the atmosphere of his youthful affection. He discovered that the loveliness of the landscape and the glories of the sky did not all hang, like a translucent picture, in his chamber window. But such a disenchantment may come without, however, doing any affright to the gentle and abiding spirit of love that nestles in the quiet recesses of the soul. If, as Henry Taylor says, love were an isolated and indivisible unity, then it might fly away like a dove, or be dissolved like an enchanting vision. But it is a highly composite passion, mixed and manifold, interfused and blended with the whole being. It may have its source in admiration and imaginative sentiment, but afterwards it rolls on, involving divers tributaries, swollen by accessory passions, feelings and affections—pity, gratitude, generosity, loyalty, fidelity, anxiety, fear and devotion—and deepened by the immovable embankments of justice. Beauty of feature may be the first cause of love, but this is afterwards transferred to moral qualities, and attaches itself to beauty of character, so that the loss of physical beauty shall not be missed. Gradually it grows into a habit of tenderness not subject to vicissitudes, but superior to all the accidents of wrinkles, gray hairs, or small pox. Of an attachment which it is in the power of *petite vérole* to undermine, we may safely affirm that it never existed. To this ideal we are inclined to believe the course of Shakespeare's youthful passion and wedded affection corresponded more closely than is commonly supposed.

A HAGAR IN OUR WILDERNESS.

BY J. E. HOOD.

JONES and myself were returning to Denver from Pike's Peak. We had made an attempt to ascend that picturesque mountain, but were too early in the season, and the snow and ice arrested our progress at some distance below the summit. The sky also was cloudy and threatening. We were well repaid, however, for our effort, by the delightful glimpses of mountain, park and plain, that opened before us as the clouds occasionally parted. But more than in these, to us, new aspects of nature, was I interested in a revelation of human life and character made to us on our return trip.

We were crossing the divide between the tributaries of the Platte and the Arkansas, when one of the sudden showers so common in that region met us from the north, and drenched us with water and pelted us with hail. There was no prospect of shelter till we should reach Spring Vale, several miles ahead, on the other side of the divide; and we buttoned our coats close, reinforced our fortitude from a curious willow-masked instrument which Jones kept about him, "fornest accidents," as he said, and braced ourselves to bear as we might what we could not escape. Just as the storm was fiercest and coldest, we came unexpectedly, at a turn in the road, upon a miserable log hovel. It was evidently inhabited, for smoke arose from the chimney; and we tacitly agreed to seek such shelter and hospitality as it might afford. Fastening our horse at the leeward side of the cabin, we knocked, and entered without waiting for a response. We could not stand upon ceremony in weather like that.

The interior prospect was dismal

enough. A tall, thin woman, so scantily dressed that it made me shiver to look at her, was kneeling at the hearth, trying to coax a heap of wet chips to burn. Two little girls, of perhaps six and eight years, but with a pinched and prematurely old look that told of extreme destitution, had crept into bed, though it was near mid-day, and were trying to cherish what little warmth was left in their blue veins.

The woman rose as she heard us enter, and, with a timid but lady-like manner, offered us the only seats in the room—a shaky chair without a back and a pine box—and apologized for her ineffectual fire. I volunteered to try and start it, and, by rearranging the chips and bringing my vigorous lungs into use as a bellows, soon produced a comfortable blaze, and we hovered over it to catch every ray of heat.

Jones asked if we could procure dinner. The woman replied that there was nothing in the house besides a little flour; but she looked for one of her husbands at home soon, and possibly he would bring something.

"One of your husbands!" exclaimed Jones, whose astonishment broke through the bounds of his habitual politeness. "You can not mean to say that you have more husbands than one, and that they take no better care of you than this?" glancing significantly around the bare and comfortless apartment.

"Indeed, sir, I have seventeen husbands on earth and one in heaven, and I am to have twelve more before my mission here is completed. Thirty was the number which the angel Gabriel named when he revealed to me the great mystery of the plurality of hus-

bands. To the high priest of our faith it was given to make known the doctrine of the plurality of wives, for the salvation and glory of woman; to me has the Lord revealed the corresponding truth for the perfection of man."

And then, seeming to become suddenly unconscious of our presence, she began to sing, in a low, sweet voice, snatches of one of Burns's songs:

"I'm to be married the night,
And ha'e neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too.
The bride that has a' to borrow
Has e'en right muckle ado.
Woo'd and married and a'—
And was nae she very weel aff
That was woo'd and married and a'!"

"Sad, very sad!" whispered Jones in my ear. I looked my reply—which meant that we had found another poor wreck of womanhood, a victim to the lust and heartlessness of man.

"I don't know about that," said Jones, who sometimes had wonderful intuitions. "There are indications of an extraordinary history here. I have a curiosity to explore it. But first let us see if we can contrive to keep these poor creatures from perishing with hunger in our presence."

Jones went out, and was back in half a minute with our lunch basket. There was still in it a liberal supply of hard-tack, now somewhat softened by the weather, and half a dozen slices of boiled ham. Jones soon satisfied himself that there was no tea, no sugar, no milk, in the cabin—none of those little luxuries which have become necessary to the civilized woman. But Jones has an almost miraculous talent for amplifying his resources in an exigency; and he soon had water hot, with which he diluted the remainder of his whisky. The drinking vessels of the establishment were limited to a fractured tea-cup and a tin dipper without a handle. Jones filled the cup with the hot mixture, and pressed it with polite urgency

upon the woman. "It will do you more good than forty husbands," he said, "unless they average better in these parts than any that I know." She drank, and then he administered smaller doses to the two children, who were now sitting on the edge of the bed, watching his movements with eyes wide open and almost preternatural interest.

"We shall take our dinner at Spring Valley; you are not much hungry, are you, Jim?" said Jones to me.

"Not a bit," I replied.

In truth, I was never so sharp-set in my life; I fairly ached with emptiness; but I added the amiable lie, "I prefer not to spoil my appetite for dinner by a lunch."

Jones coincided in this philosophy, and taking the management of affairs as naturally as if he had been duly installed in the capacity of housekeeper, proceeded to place slices of ham between the hard-tack and to pass them to the members of the family, stoutly reiterating, in reply to the lady's protestations, that we did not need any thing, and that we would finish drying ourselves and go. I am sure we enjoyed the zest with which the half-starved children consumed the improvised sandwiches more than we should have done a luxurious dinner at Delmonico's. The mother evidently attempted to conceal her enjoyment of the lunch, and was somewhat ashamed to be the guest of strangers in her own house.

The shower, by this time, was over. Jones emptied the remainder of the fragments from the basket upon the table, and we were about to take leave, when something seemed to occur to Jones, and he said:

"By the way, we can't be bothered with this basket. Perhaps the lady will permit us to leave it till we come this way again. Use it if you have occasion, ma'am; and here, let me give you

a trifle to buy some presents for the children when you go to town."

Suiting the action to the word, Jones placed in the woman's hand a specimen of the greenback apology for money, and we drove off. The woman was confused by my friend's abrupt and Napoleonic manner, and made her acknowledgements rather incoherently; but she waved her hand to us from the door as we drove away, and we saw her still looking after us, shading her eyes with her hand, when we were nearly half a mile from the cabin.

"By Jove, the wreck of a true lady!" said Jones, after we had proceeded a long distance in silence. "She must have been very beautiful a dozen years ago; and the graces of motion and of manner still remain. Educated, too—refined, gentle—betrayed, foully wronged, wrecked—a noble, fearful ruin! There is no hell too hot for the man who is responsible for this! I must explore her history."

"I think you know it already, from the way you go on," I said. "Wouldn't you 'go for' the villain that did it, if you could find him?"

"You bet!" replied Jones, with evident enjoyment of the far-west slang with which we had lately enriched our vocabulary. "But about this mysterious woman. I can distinguish the outlines of her history. Any one can trace these in her face, in the tones of her voice and her wild words; but I tell you, she has had a most peculiar experience, and we will find it out yet. We must see what can be done for her, and the poor children, too. Somebody must look after them, or they will die in that desolate hovel."

Since Jones does not know that I am writing this, I may say that I can not undertake to tell how much of a Christian he may be, in the rather narrow use of that word which now prevails, but he is one of the saints in my calendar. He takes to the golden rule as a

matter of course, and would be shocked at the idea of meriting any thing by it. He may have been born totally depraved, in some unfathomable theological sense, but he is one of those who seize the opportunities to do good, "and blush to find it fame." And as to the general subject of sympathy and helpfulness, it seems to me that while formal commiseration only aggravates sorrow, and empty congratulation stifles gladness, a genuine sympathy does truly and palpably alleviate the one and lighten the other; and that there can be no better evidence of a good heart than the ability truly to "rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with those that weep."

My friend was indefatigable in this affair, as he always is when his heart is interested. Within a week he had provided the two girls with homes in kind families, had opened a correspondence with persons in a distant state, in order to discover the relatives of the insane lady and return her to their care, and had learned many items of her history.

The poor creature calls herself Maggie, but will not reveal the name of her family. Partly from her disclosures to ladies who have won her confidence, and partly from others who have for some time been acquainted with her, I glean an account of the leading events of her life.

Years ago—and not a great many either—she was the daughter of a prosperous lumberman in the interior of Maine. Her early associates described her as a girl of rare beauty, and of intellectual endowments quite as rare—gifts not often conferred together in this world of quite equal compensations—of vivacity, sweetness and sympathy, and all the qualities that make up a fascinating young lady, and when freely matured, ripen into the perfection of womanhood. She received the best education the country then afforded, and at seventeen was the belle of her

town and county. That many admirers should cluster around her was inevitable; but she had given her young heart to a schoolmate, and she rejected many suitors who were considered more available by her worldly-wise parents. Events have tended to justify their opinion; yet Maggie was right, inexplicable as have been the consequences. Her accepted lover, whom we call Frank for the purposes of this record, was a young man of a certain brilliancy of intellect and glow of affection, yet lacking depth and steadiness. But Maggie was not critical. She felt the magic of his presence, she knew that she loved him; and this was sufficient for her pure, trustful nature.

When they became old enough to think of marriage, the hard necessities of life interposed an obstacle. Frank was poor, and without a trade or profession. Besides teaching school in winter, he had never "turned his hand" to any productive employment. Neither he nor Maggie would have given serious thought to their prospective wants, if the old folks had not suggested the subject. Young Love is as trustful as the birds, and it is easy for it to "take no thought for the morrow." Old Prudence has found out that it does not answer to interpret the Christian maxims too literally, and gives its preference in practice to those of "Poor Richard."

"When you have the means of supporting a family, you shall marry Maggie, if she still prefers you," said her father to Frank.

From this decision there was no appeal. The sudden intervention of this obstacle to their happiness sobered Frank, without making him much wiser. He pondered and inquired, but could see no opening for him in the busy world. The chances to live appeared to have been all taken up. Just then the California gold furore was at its height. Hardy lumbermen in the forests of Maine, threw down their axes, and

started across the continent in pursuit of sudden wealth. Frank readily caught the infection.

"This is my chance, Maggie," he said exultingly. "I will come back in a year or two with a heap of gold, and we will be happy."

The parting of the lovers was sad, but illuminated with many rays of hope. At long intervals Maggie received letters from the adventurer, for communication was then irregular and uncertain. Sometimes a year elapsed between his letters, and in them he had no account of success to give, but only of that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. He was evidently working hard and living a comfortless life, in the midst of rough and dissolute associates; and Maggie longed to fly to him, to share his cares, to minister to his wants, and to break the spell of desperation which she could feel, from the tone of his letters, was gathering over his heart. To her own home at length came grief and desolation. Losses of property broke her father's courage, and eventually his health; and she followed both her parents to the grave within a few months of each other. She was left with the care of a younger brother, and the uncertain remnant of an embarrassed estate.

The years passed slowly and sadly to Frank and Maggie in their separation and the disappointment of their cherished hopes. Seven years had fled since they kissed and parted, and there was still as little prospect of their reunion as then, if they should wait till Frank had "made his pile." Maggie had never seen the necessity of this condition, and having the prospect of a sufficient remnant of her father's estate to assure them a frugal support, she wrote to beg Frank to abandon the delusive pursuit of wealth and to come home. It was nearly a year before his reply came back, in which he urged her to sell her property and go to him. California was a delightful region, he said; they

would be happier there; indeed, he should be ashamed to return a poor man, to live upon his wife; and he felt that he should yet make "a big strike," and then, if they pleased, they could return to their old home, with the means to live comfortably and creditably.

Maggie appreciated his motives, honored his pride, and determined to undertake the long journey. Converting her property into money, and leaving her brother in the care of a friend, she started alone upon the tedious and perilous journey. On reaching the Missouri River, she was so fortunate as to find a team of emigrants about to start across the Plains, and they readily made room for her in one of the family wagons. The journey was even more wearisome than Maggie had anticipated, but her heart grew stronger daily as she neared the object of her faithful love—or supposed that she did. Had she known that on the last half of her route every day increased the distance between them, it is probable that her frail nature would have succumbed altogether. Happily she could not learn the fact till she reached the end of her journey. Frank had not expected her to start for California till she had notified him of her intention, and having had a small stroke of luck, he determined to return for her. He went by steamer, and reached Maine before Maggie had completed her journey.

Disappointment and alarm but poorly express his feelings when he found that she had gone across the Plains. He was appalled. It appeared as if Providence were his enemy, and Maggie had been placed hopelessly out of his reach. His first impulse was to retrace his course; but he bethought himself that Maggie would doubtless do the same, and they would again be on opposite sides of the continent.

He was right in his conjecture. Maggie hardly allowed herself to rest from her journey, and recover from the

terrible blow of her disappointment, before she was on her way again over the Sierras. The sufferings of that journey will never be described. Delayed by storms and swollen streams, robbed by Indians, and poisoned by alkaline water, when the party reached a Mormon settlement near Salt Lake they seemed more like animated skeletons than living creatures. Maggie was to all appearance on the verge of the grave. She had no strength, no power of speech, scarcely a glimmer of consciousness. They lifted her from her straw couch in the wagon, and bore her into the house of a Mormon bishop.

After a few days of rest, the party moved on, leaving Maggie to die, as they supposed, with the promise of the Mormons to give her decent burial. For weeks she lingered, as if on the margin of the death river; and then the flickering flame of life slowly gathered strength. But months elapsed before she was able to leave her bed, and then her consciousness seemed but dim and dreamy. The Mormon bishop and his household were kind and attentive, and at length she was so far restored as to begin to talk about resuming her journey homeward. The bishop put aside the subject, from time to time, with various evasions, meanwhile improving every opportunity to inculcate the peculiar tenets of his faith, and to make himself personally agreeable to her.

Two years had elapsed since Maggie went westward from her home in Maine. Frank had heard that she had started homeward again, but nothing more; and he was growing prematurely gray with anxiety and apprehension. Maggie was now quite strong again, and had determined to join the next train for the East, when one day a score of shaggy and coarse-featured men followed the bishop into the house, and the latter, taking Maggie's hand, said in a loud, sanctimonious voice:

"Listen, Maggie! the Lord has sent

you to the household of his saints to be reclaimed and saved. I feel moved to coöperate in the good work, and, in the presence of these holy brethren, I hereby seal you to myself as my spiritual wife."

"No! no!" screamed the frightened woman. "You must not; you dare not! I belong to another."

She looked into the hard, unpitied eyes around her, and saw that she was doomed. She fell as if dead. The men lifted her in their arms and placed her in a wagon at the door. Such scenes were evidently not strange to them. The bishop spoke a few stern words to his horror-stricken wife, who dared not utter the emotion she felt, and then mounted the seat of the wagon and drove away. Such restoratives as these rough saints had with them were administered to the swooning woman, and she so far revived as to satisfy them that there was no danger of her dying at once. She was taken to one of the bishop's houses in a valley among the mountains. The details of her life there are hidden from all but the eye of Him who shall judge her destroyer. But we know that there is no cruelty so inexorable as that of lust sanctioned by fanaticism; and we can imagine what we can not reveal.

When Maggie escaped from her prison home, ten years later, she took with her two children she had borne to the bishop—unwillingly if not unconsciously; and she was a hopeless lunatic. Let us try to think she had been so through all those years of degradation!

It is not strange that her hallucina-

tion takes the form it does. It is but the natural revulsion from the foul doctrine by which the spiritual despot who wronged her sought to justify himself. But I can readily credit the statement that few, possibly none, of the coarse men—herdsmen, teamsters, miners, and the like—who casually enter Maggie's cabin, and humor her mad purpose to make spiritual husbands of them, take advantage of her weakness to do her personal wrong. There is still something so pure and spiritual about her, she is so beautiful and impressive a wreck, that her presence quells the baser and awakens the nobler sentiments.

The end of Frank's career may be briefly told. Almost crazed by vainly awaiting the return of Maggie, he at length started to search for her. He went through to the Pacific coast without obtaining a single clue to her fate, and he reluctantly came to the conclusion that she had perished in the wilderness. His sole motive to effort was now gone. Irregular work, gambling and dissipation—the usual resorts of desperate men—soon ruined him in body and mind. His bones rest in an unmarked grave, upon the banks of the Yuba River.

My story is a sad one. In its leading feature it has not a few counterparts in the outrages of lust and fanaticism upon woman, in that territory where the government of the United States hesitates to enforce just and wholesome law for the protection of the best and weakest portion of its citizens against the brutal and the strong. God help the violated and debased women of Utah!

THE AWAKENING.

I WAS mistaken—let it pass;
We often are in this sad world of ours!
Perhaps I thought this mottled life a dream
Of poetry and flowers;

Or else, perhaps, a shaded walk—
Calm, fair, between me and the setting sun;
And all its bordering moss and eglantine
Would last till life was done;—

The darkest shadow I should know
Would be the shadow of the waving pines,
Falling before me on the smooth-worn walk
In quaint and flickering lines.

I was mistaken—let it pass;
For I had dreamed a nobler dream than this;
The fervent, prayerful wish of all my heart
Was not a thought of bliss.

There might be peace—I did not ask;
There might be happiness—I did not know;
I only knew that I was all your own
In having loved you so.

And loving so, I dreamed my dream,
And kept it ever by me through the day,
And leaned on it when I was tired and sore,
And weary with the way.

And when at night I shut my door,
And bolted all the world's confusion out,
I drew me to this unseen treasured friend
Without a fear or doubt.

It might be too aspiring—yet
A little star beside the moon may shine;
I sought to catch no lustre from your light,
Nor make your glory mine;—

Only to stand beside you close—
To climb beside you, but myself unseen;
Rejoiced if you should sometimes find my love
A staff on which to lean;—

To bear with you the toil and pain,
The night's damp shadows and the noonday glare;
To know you never had a care or cross
In which I did not share;—

To help you in all doing good,
To suffer with you in all scorn or blame;
To die for you, if that could work your weal,
And, dying, breathe your name.

A dream's awakening may be sad;
A sudden rousing may be hard to bear;
And hearts may ache when all their sweet hopes lose
The hues they used to wear.

But if the dream was mine alone,
And all-sufficient for yourself you stood,
And your true manhood was complete and full
Without my womanhood,—

Then go your way, and live your life;
And may you never, lonely, miss the dower
Of sweetness, which the least breath of perfume
Brings to the open flower.

And when, some day, you stand beside
The little grass-grown mound which covers me,
There will be no voice then to tell my tale,
And no eye then to see.

And if not sharing in your cares
Has pained me sore and deadened all my joy,
The sweet sad memories you keep of me
Will not know this alloy.

ECLIPSES.

BY TRUMAN HENRY SAFFORD,
(Director of the Dearborn Observatory)

FROM time to time it is noticed that the sun and moon are partially or totally eclipsed; that is to say, in the sun's case, a portion or the whole of that luminary, as we usually see it, is hidden by a round, dark body, now well known to be the moon; and in case the moon is eclipsed, a dark shadow appears to cross its disc.

We know by observation that when the moon is eclipsed it is always full moon; that the earth is interposed between the sun and the moon, and that it is the earth's shadow which produces the eclipse. Again, when the sun is eclipsed it is always new moon; and we always see the slight lunar crescent called the new moon a day or two afterwards.

But not at every full or new moon does an eclipse take place—only at certain seasons of this kind, when the sun, earth and moon are unusually near the same right line; for if the sun and moon be apparently in conjunction, that is, in the same region of the heavens, but at the same time one appears so far above the other that they escape appearing to touch, there will be no eclipse. And in the same way, if the moon at its full does not pass exactly through the earth's shadow, it may pass over or under it, and so escape an eclipse entirely.

Before going any farther, it may be well to state that a so-called total eclipse of the moon does not cause the moon to disappear entirely; but that even then she still shines with a dusky light. More of this further on.

There are three kinds of eclipses of the sun—partial, the commonest kind;

total, the rarest; and a third kind, annular, neither partial nor total, strictly speaking. The reason of this third kind we must think about for a moment.

We all know very well that the sun and moon appear to us very much of the same size: but they are very different in magnitude. The sun is much larger, and about as much further off; so that, as the pane of glass in my room appears nearly as large as a great building at a half-mile distance, so the sun and moon appear relatively of the same size. But if I go nearer the window, I shall see the pane larger proportionably than the building; and *vice versa* if I go away from the window. If, then, we place the moon at such a distance from us, and in such a place, that it will appear just to cover the whole sun, and then approach nearer, the moon will appear to grow larger faster than the sun does, and a total eclipse will take place. On the other hand, if we go further from the moon, it will grow (to us) smaller, and will not cover the whole sun, but leave a ring of light outside. And just the same thing happens in nature, when the centres of the sun and moon appear just in the same place to us; that is, when the eclipse is "central," as astronomers call it. The moon is in this case sometimes so near as entirely to cover the sun, sometimes so far as to leave a ring of light around itself; the eclipse in the first case is called total, in the second case annular—or, as the Germans say, ring-formed.

When do the eclipses of the sun take place? that is, how can we predict

them? To do this thoroughly and with extreme accuracy, requires the tables of the sun's and moon's motions, and a great deal of calculation. Large volumes are devoted to the purpose of telling exactly at what point in the heavens the sun and moon will be at any future instant, and do so with such accuracy that we can not for many years fail by one minute of time in predicting when any eclipse will take place; and when even this degree of accuracy is reached, corrections will be made from the results of the daily and nightly observations now making in all civilized countries. But it is comparatively easy to predict when an eclipse will take place with some approximation to the truth, and by two considerations:

First, there are two days in every year near which a new or full moon is likely to bring an eclipse. For this year, these dates are February 5th and July 30th; and so we find, by the more refined calculation, that there are eclipses of the moon on January 27th and July 23d, both these dates being full moons; and of the sun, February 11th and August 7th, both these dates being new moons.

Again, every eclipse is followed by a somewhat similar eclipse—visible, however, in a very different part of the earth—at an interval of eighteen years, ten days and a fraction; so that the eclipse which took place in the forenoon of July 28th, 1851, will be followed by one in the afternoon of August 7th, 1869. But this eclipse of 1851 was only partial in the United States, and total in a small part of the northerly part of North America, and through a small belt of country in Europe; that of 1869 will be total only in a narrow belt in Northern Asia and North America—a belt which passes through Illinois, as will be mentioned by-and-by.

Between these two eclipses, July, 1851, and August, 1869, there have been

observed about seventy others; and it is calculated that of these seventy, forty-one have been of the sun and twenty-nine of the moon; and each one of them, except perhaps some of the smaller ones, will have its corresponding eclipse in about eighteen years and ten days after its own date.

Some one will here say that eclipses of the moon are not rarer than those of the sun; but, on the contrary, much commoner. On looking one moment at the subject, we see the fallacy of this. Eclipses of the moon can be seen every where in that half of the earth for which the moon is up at the time of the occurrence, but eclipses of the sun are only visible through a smaller space of country. The great eclipse of this year has its centre in Alaska; it does not extend much south of the equator, nor a great way into Asia; it is in some degree visible over the whole of North America, and a little way into the Atlantic Ocean; and covers about one-fifth of the earth's surface with the various boundary lines of its visibility.

And when we come to look at the extent of total eclipse, we see that it extends over a belt of country about one hundred and sixty miles wide, beginning in Siberia, thence passing through Alaska, some of the late Hudson's Bay territories, a part of Dacotah, most of Iowa, a large part of Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky, part of Tennessee, most of North Carolina, and a little of northern Nebraska, Minnesota, South Carolina and Virginia. This belt of totality just escapes the following important places: Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Omaha; and any one will find that a belt one hundred and sixty miles wide, passing between Chicago and St. Louis, and avoiding Omaha on the south and Cincinnati on the north, must pass about in the direction above indicated by the States mentioned above. And you can represent, in a rough way,

the course of the shadow—that is, of the total portion of the eclipse—by cutting out a slip of paper of the width of the representative of one hundred and sixty miles on any map of the United States, and long enough to reach from the map-position of Beaufort, N. C., to that of Fort Union, Dacotah. Place this strip so that the centre of one end shall be near Cape Lookout, and the edge shall just lap over Rock Island and avoid Omaha. The path of the eclipse, however, is somewhat curved, and the maps themselves distort the shape of the earth, so that you will not find such a strip, made straight, to give more than a very rough idea of the shadow's course. On the map which I use, for instance, Cincinnati and Indianapolis would be thus included, and St. Louis be left too far to the south.

The phenomena attending lunar eclipses are quite familiar to those who notice such phenomena, and in general are these: The earth's shadow is seen at the predicted time to enter upon the moon, at first as a small circular arc, growing wider and wider, and often of a pea-green tint, until, when the eclipse is a large one, it is succeeded by a deep copper hue, finally overspreading a great part or the whole of the moon. After this we can see, with a good telescope, not only the general outlines of the lunar disc, but also special features, such as the ranges of mountains, the circular valleys so familiar to telescopic observation, and the great plains called by the old astronomers "seas." After a while—perhaps an hour or two—the totality ceases, and the partial eclipse recurs and goes off in the inverse order of phenomena. The most striking thing about such an eclipse is the deep copper hue of the moon's surface.

Partial eclipses of the sun are more exact phenomena for observation; the indentation which is seen is produced by the body of the moon itself, and we sometimes see the jagged prominences

of the lunar mountains. This, too, is to be noted: that every solar eclipse appears at different magnitudes for different places, because an observer at one point can see further around the intervening obstacle of the moon's disc than at another; and, as will be inferred from what was before said, the same eclipse may be partial at one place and total at another.

Partial eclipses of the sun yield in importance to annular. In the latter, four phenomena are to be noticed: first, the beginning of the partial eclipse or indentation of the sun's disc; next, the beginning of the annular eclipse—namely, the formation of the ring, where the moon is first seen completely within the sun, and its breaking up as the moon recrosses the boundary of brilliant light; and finally the end of even partial eclipse. The annular phenomena are much more accurately observable than those of a partial eclipse; and the formation and breaking up of the ring are sometimes accompanied with what are called "Baily's beads." The rim of light between the moon's edge and that of the sun is, when very narrow, broken up into points partially disconnected, like a string of beads. It is supposed that the jagged points of the lunar mountains cause this appearance.

But a total eclipse of the sun surpasses in sublimity, as well as interest, all other astronomical phenomena whatever. During a space of time never exceeding eight minutes, we observe the passage from a sunlight to a darkness almost like that of night, and back again. The sky, as the partial eclipse grows larger and larger, changes its tints to various hues, described sometimes as livid, but mingled with orange yellow, or purple, sometimes much before the beginning of the total eclipse proper. The moon advances slowly over the solar disc, covering more and more of it with its blackness, and making more

and more obscure surrounding objects, till, when the last gleam of sunlight is about to pass away, the observer sees the moon and what remains of the sun surrounded by a bright corona or glory, such as surrounds the heads of the Lord and the saints in religious pictures. When the sunlight totally disappears, nothing is left to enlighten objects around, save the scattered rays of twilight and the corona itself. This glory is intersected here and there with flashing rays, extending often to considerable distances from the sun, and has been itself seen nearly as broad as the sun's diameter. When the corona gives the light by which objects are seen, they naturally appear very differently from what we see in daylight, or even at night. The sharpness and blackness of distant hills have often been noticed.

Besides this corona, the "protuberances" of a rosy color and irregular shape are a very marked feature. These are cloud-like masses seen projecting beyond the dark edge of the moon, are not generally visible without telescopes, and have long been, as well as the corona, mysterious in their origin. But it is now made certain by the spectroscope that they are gaseous in nature; it was found out by photographing them that they were connected with the sun, and that as the moon passed over them it hid them by degrees. If they were phenomena of the lunar atmosphere they would move with the moon itself, which they do not do.

All these phenomena can only be observed by great concentration of effort, and by division of labor. When the time of observation of the most important extends only from two to eight minutes, it is plain that much expedition is necessary. In case of the eclipses of the present year, the duration is about three minutes near the central line.

In past ages the fate of a battle or an assault has turned upon a total eclipse of the sun. Xenophon tells us

that the town of Larrisa was taken on account of the fright of the inhabitants when the sun was covered by a cloud. This circumstance, casually mentioned in the *Anabasis* (Book III., section iv.), has enabled astronomers to make certain that a total eclipse took place then and there, and has even been of use in correcting the lunar tables. Other eclipses of note in history were those predicted by Thales, 585 B. C.; that connected with the expedition of Agathocles against Carthage, B. C. 310; and an eclipse which helped decide the battle of Stiklastad, in the Scandinavian annals. Columbus is said to have acquired great renown among the Indians by predicting a lunar eclipse, which was probably his only means of determining his longitude, and so the distance of America from Europe. In modern times we have often heard of the panic terror of ignorant populations; and there are even stories that in the eclipse of 1806, persons here and there thought the Judgment Day was coming.

These phenomena have, however, become so well known, and astronomy has penetrated to so distant parts of the earth, that no civilized people need fear them any longer; and they are simply to be regarded as examples of the unvarying laws of nature, and as occasions to learn more of those laws. Even the sun is gradually yielding up the secrets of its fiery globe to the unwearied scrutiny of science; and no small advantage is gained by the absence of the direct light of the body itself in studying those glowing atmospheres which surround it, and which have so much to do with the life of the sun itself—if we may use Sir John Herschel's figure of speech relative to the solar activity.

A most important use of eclipses, to the mind of the world, is the proof which they afford of the unerring certainty within their own sphere of the

laws of nature. The evidence afforded by ordinary astronomical phenomena is more convincing to scientific minds, as it is cumulative in its character. There are more such examples of the fixity of natural laws constantly before the astronomer's mind than can readily be numbered; the alternations of light and darkness, of summer and winter, the ebb and flow of the tides, the courses of the moon and planets, and so on. But an eclipse, and especially a total eclipse, of the sun, is so rare and surprising a phenomena, and its occurrence can be so certainly predicted many years in advance, to the very day, hour, and minute, and almost second, that all who come within its range will be compelled to acknowledge

the unvarying nature of the laws of astronomy. The infidel may, indeed, point to those laws as evidences that when one shuts his eyes to spiritual truth he can see no God in nature; but one of the greatest intellectual triumphs of true Christianity is to show that the laws of nature are intelligible to man only because the Lord has made us after His image and likeness, and that He has made them in their own limits unvarying for an analogous reason that He has made the swiftly-moving earth firm under our feet; to give us something on which we can establish ourselves as on a firm, unyielding basis of thought and action, and on which our mental edifices can be raised, trusting in His laws.

MODERN ANTEDILUVIANS.

BY JAMES WESTERN.

DO not, O reader! be hypercritical and charge us, in the selection of our text, with anachronism. The fact is, we have among us a class of men who ought to have lived before the flood; of Rip Van Winkles who, after they went to sleep, ought never to have waked up; but, in the Providence of God, their lot has been cast in these latter times. They persistently cling to the past, and esteem nothing as valuable or useful and to be commended, unless, like a bottle of wine, it is covered over with the cobwebs of antiquity. The Frenchman who directed the artist to paint a family picture, with the ark in the background moored to a wharf, and a porter in the foreground shouldering a trunk inscribed with the initials of his great ancestor, was not more vain-glorious of his descent than this class of men. They are to be found

throughout all the ramifications of society—on the bench, at the bar, in the pulpit, in the halls of legislation, and in the various walks of science. The English language contained no one word which precisely describes their idiosyncracies, and hence the modern innovation "foggy." To him the phrases "wisdom of ages," and "venerable antiquity," are as the revelations of an oracle; while those other phrases, "spirit of the times," and "progress of humanity," are but the expressions of reckless and innovating empirics. This reverence for antiquity, this blind idolatry of the past, has operated as a clog upon human energy, and led to the rejection, for a time, of many of the noblest discoveries of the human intellect. We are, as long ago declared by Bacon, the ancients; and this observation has been well illustrated by

Jeremy Bentham, a really great thinker, but who had the faculty of repelling ordinary readers by his almost inextricably involuted and prodigiously long-drawn-out periods. Man acquires knowledge by experience; and hence, setting aside the diversities of understanding, the oldest man of the present day ought to be the wisest and best-informed.

So, too, with regard to the generations of men. Each succeeding generation ought to be wiser than the one which preceded it; and, therefore, the people of A. D. 1869 are wiser than were the people of A. D. 1. We have inherited, as a capital, the accumulated experience of the past, and have added to it our own. What to our ancestors was the utmost attainable limit, is to us as a starting-point. Whatever of territory they were able to survey and map in the vast domain of nature, serves but as a base-line for us in fresh surveys. What they saw as through a glass darkly, we see face to face.

We have no reverence for the past, but rather a feeling of admiration for many of those chaps who were on the stage "when time was young";—a feeling akin to that of an elderly gentleman who looks out upon a lawn where children are playing and enacting their miniature parts on a contracted stage. We are inclined to the belief that Jacob Strawn could have given Father Adam some ideas in cattle-raising; that the Ames Company could beat Tubal-Cain in brass, or rather bronze-founding; that George Stephenson was a better engineer than Archimedes; that Captain Cook was a better navigator than Jason; and that Phil Sheridan, with an equal number of troopers armed with carbines, would, at this day, wipe out the Grecian phalanx in the twinkling of an eye.

But, descending to more modern times, we may assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that Sir John Herschel knows more of astronomy

than did Tycho Brahe; that any clever college-boy knows more of practical philosophy than did Bacon; and every engineer who conducts a train out of Chicago, knows more of the steam engine than did the Marquis of Worcester. Thus, then, knowledge is ever progressive, ever cumulative; and yet we, in the midst of the activities of life, by a faculty of our nature which it is difficult to understand or interpret, instinctively turn to the past as though it contained stores of hoarded wisdom.

Perhaps, of all classes, our judges are the most swayed by this feeling. It is rarely that they have the independence to throw off the shackles imposed by a venerable prescription. If a decision is to be arrived at, the first step is to trace up the stream of history to a "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary;" or to some old black-letter law written in barbarous French and enacted by a set of barons so ignorant that they could not write their names, and therefore used each one his stamp; and hence the flummery of a seal. The doctrine of immemorial usage and the sanctity of a long line of precedents, so fascinating to the mind of the lawyer, has made him essentially a conservative; and he would rather perpetuate an abuse, or suppress a reform, than violate what he considers the beauty and harmony of his profession. So ramified are the transactions of modern society, that the great bulk of our litigation grows out of matters whereof our ancestors knew little or nothing. What did they know of bills of exchange and promissory notes? of insurance? of patent-rights? of railroad corporations? And yet all the decisions, by far-reaching analogies, curious devices, and vague generalities, are supposed to be based on the "wisdom of our ancestors." Instead of planting the seed in a virgin soil, and allowing vigorous shoots to spring up, these cultivators in the legal vineyard

preferred to bud upon an old and almost sapless tree.

How often has the ruffian escaped unwhipped of justice, because Lord Coke, or Lord Somebody-else, had said that the indictment should allege that the act was done "*vi et armis*?" What use is there in parading in every case of ejectment those fictitious chaps known as John Doe and Richard Doe? Is justice more imposing administered in big wigs and gowns than in sack-coats and trowsers?

The same spirit of reverence for the past attaches to the ministers of the Christian church. The pure and simple teachings of our Savior can be comprehended by every one, so that he who runs may read. The writings of the Fathers, like the heads of old saints in the pictures, are encircled with a halo of glory. But when explored, while there may be some pure gold, there is much dross. Origen, we believe, was not over-scrupulous in regard to truth; and Tertullian, a man of fierce and vindictive passions, was wont to indulge in pious exultation in the expected damnation of the whole pagan world. The modern reformers had their weaknesses. Luther believed in the actual presence of devils, and hurled an inkstand at the head of the Prince of Darkness. Wesley even believed in witches, and Cotton Mather was active in bringing them to the gibbet. "Under the name of exorcism," says Jeremy Bentham, "the Catholic liturgy contains a form of procedure for driving out devils. Even with the help of this instrument the operation can not be performed with the desired success, but by an operator qualified by holy orders for the working of this, as well as so many other wonders. In our days and in our country, the same object is attained, and beyond comparison more effectually, by so cheap an instrument as a common newspaper. Before this talisman, not only devils, but ghosts, vampires,

witches, and all their kindred tribes, are driven out of the land, never to return again! The touch of the holy water is not so intolerable to them as the bare smell of printers' ink."

These remarks are made in no spirit of disrespect to the early propagators and reformers of Christianity. They had many noble but rugged virtues; but their characters were molded by the ignorance of the age, and their judgments clouded by its superstitions. At this day, no Presbyterian clergyman lays before his congregation the gloomy creed of Calvin, carried to its rigorous conclusions, or the still gloomier commentary thereon of that austere logician, Jonathan Edwards. Henry Ward Beecher would not have been tolerated in a Christian assembly at Geneva in the time of Calvin, nor in a Scotch kirk in the days of John Knox.

We object, then, to the authority of our ancestors in matters of conscience. We claim to have clearer views of our duties here and of our destinies hereafter. We confidently assert that, at no period in history, since the foundation of Christianity, have its teachings been so thoroughly recognized and acted upon. We see their exemplification in the universal spread of the Bible; in the vast sums expended each year in missionary effort; in the voluntary maintenance of public worship; and in the numerous foundations of charitable institutions for the alleviation of all the ills incident to humanity.

This reverence for antiquity has been a serious bar to the progress of science. Down to the time of the Reformation, the authority of Aristotle, as the great master of philosophy, was omnipotent. If any discovery was announced, the first inquiry was, "Is it sanctioned by this system?"

When, in 1543, Copernicus published his treatise on the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, fearing the bigoted per-

secutions which afterwards assailed Galileo, he propounded his scheme as an hypothesis. Fortunately, perhaps, for his own personal comfort, he died just as his book was completed, and he kissed with his last breath the rich legacy which he was about to bequeath to posterity. The Copernican system, at first, excited little interest. It was opposed to common sense; for every old woman who hung a kettle of water over the fire at night, knew in the morning that not a drop had been spilled. Besides—and this is the great argument always resorted to—it was contrary to Scripture. Did not Joshua command the sun to stand still? Did not the Sacred Record speak of the “rising of the sun” and the “going down thereof?” Was not the whole tenor of the Sacred Text to the effect that the earth was the body at rest, and that the sun, the planets, and the innumerable hosts of stars, revolved around it as a central point? Was it not belittling to the dignity of man, created in the image of his Maker and animated by the divine afflatus, that the orb on which he dwelt should constitute an insignificant portion of the solar system, and that he himself should be a mere microscopic point upon it? Astronomers themselves were reluctant to adopt the new theory, and the great name of Aristotle was thrown into the scale to outweigh that of Copernicus.

Eighty years afterwards, Galileo adopted his views, and promulgated them in Italy. The church became startled; the cry of heresy was revived; Galileo was silenced, and his treatise consigned to the “*Index Expurgatorius*.” He flattered himself that he could evade the interdict by throwing his arguments into the form of dialogue. Vain belief! He was compelled by the Inquisition to retract in the most solemn and emphatic manner, and was placed under restraint during the remainder of his life. Does not this incident illustrate “the wisdom of the ancients?”

It is but a little more than a quarter of a century ago, when the religious sentiment of the community was shocked by the results of geological investigations, requiring the lapse of indefinite periods of time to account for the position of the numerous forms of animal and vegetable life which are incorporated into the solid crust of the earth. The Noachian deluge, by which it was at first attempted to account for these phenomena, was found to be inadequate. Has the abandonment of the literal interpretation of the Mosaic record placed a single argument of any force in the hands of the skeptic? Has it unsettled the well-grounded belief of any man?

Thus we see, from these historical references, that, had we relied on the “wisdom of our ancestors,” two of the noblest sciences in the cyclopædia—astronomy and geology—would have made no advance; and their progress illustrates the pregnant remark of Agassiz, that “Whenever a new and startling fact is brought to light in science, people first say ‘it is not true;’ then, that ‘it is contrary to religion;’ and lastly, that ‘every body knew it before.’”

The history of legislation affords very many illustrations of the ridiculousness of following the “wisdom of our ancestors.” The doctrine of protection is an example. God, in creating the earth, stamped upon its surface infinite variety. The conditions of climate give origin to a great diversity of products necessary to men’s comfort and convenience. While the surface of the earth is relieved by high mountains and deep valleys, by great rivers and vast oceanic expanses, God never intended that these physical features should be a bar to human intercourse—that

“Lands intersected by a narrow frith”
should “abhor each other,” or

“Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations;”

but that man should bridge these friths and scale these mountains, so that nations should,

"Like kindred drops, be mingled into one."

He never intended that one portion of the race should subsist wholly on the fruits of the tropics, another on the cereals of the temperate zones, and another on the animal products of the Arctic circle; but that, by close commercial intercourse, man in a particular belt should be made a partaker in the varied products of all of the belts. It is to this close commercial intercourse that every nation is indebted for whatever of civilization it possesses; and so true is it, that no nation cut off from the sea ever emerged from barbarism. All our domesticated animals, nearly all our social plants, and a large share of the different inventions which, in mechanical processes, go so far to supplant human muscles, have been derived from abroad, and are the result of commercial intercourse.

Yet, blind to these advantages, we have among us a set of dotards who believe that national prosperity consists in hedging in the country by a Chinese wall, and in cutting ourselves off from the inventions and discoveries of surrounding nations. They reiterate the prayer of Mr. Jefferson, though uttered in reference to a different state of affairs, that an ocean of fire might roll between the two continents. Because England, France, and other nations, centuries ago, when the natural state of society was supposed to be that of war, imposed vexatious restraints upon commerce and conferred exclusive privileges on particular classes or individuals; and because, in spite of these restrictions and exclusive privileges, these nations have become rich and powerful, therefore we must imitate their example. When this policy was inaugurated, the science of political economy was unknown, the true sources of

wealth were not understood; and all the great reforms, as remarked by Buckle, which have distinguished England during the last twenty years, have solely consisted in undoing mischievous and intrusive legislation. The whole doctrine of protection is based on the assumed superior "wisdom of our ancestors," as though the preceding generation knew more than the present, and the next preceding generation more than the last, and so on up the stream of history, until we arrive at a time when our ancestors, with whom a particular custom originated, were a set of free-booters and cut-throats; and thus the interests of living men, according to Bentham, are held in subjection to a tyranny exercised by the dead.

This doctrine of protection is founded on a narrow and selfish spirit. As Christianity diffuses itself, we are brought to recognize, more and more, the common humanity of the race—we are brought to believe that governments are instituted simply to preserve order and to protect men in their personal rights and the rights of property. That sentiment, characteristic of a barbarous age, which treated as natural enemies those who were separated from us by a particular frith or a particular mountain, is rapidly passing away. They are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; and we inflict upon them, as well as upon ourselves, a grievous wrong, when we prevent them from exchanging the fruits of their industry. These artificial restraints, the result of ignorance and selfishness, must soon go down before an enlightened public sentiment.

Society, within the last half century, has made prodigious strides in every thing that relates to moral, intellectual and material development. These results have been achieved, not by adhering to the "wisdom of our ancestors," but by rejecting their errors and improving upon their really valuable

acquisitions. In this onward movement there have been those who have persistently hung back, while in the van there have been many mere reckless adventurers. Such conditions always have existed and always will exist. "Every where," says Macaulay, "there is a class of men who cling with fondness to whatever is ancient, and who, when convinced by overpowering reasons that innovation would be beneficial, consent to it with many misgivings and forebodings. We find, also, every where, another class of men sanguine in hope, bold in speculation, always

pressing forward, quick to discern the imperfections of whatever exists, disposed to think lightly of the risks and inconveniences which attend improvements, and disposed to give every change credit for being an improvement. In the sentiments of both classes there is something to approve. But of both, the best specimens will be found not far from the common frontier. The extreme section of one class consists of bigoted dotards; the extreme section of the other consists of shallow empirics."

MY LIFE.

My life is like the winter rose,
In chill December blown,
That opes its petals 'midst the snows
Deep by the tempest sown!

My life is like the winter rose—
A sad memorial left,
'Midst blighted hopes, to seek repose,
When of life's joys bereft!

My life is like the winter rose,
That droops its lovely head,
And sorrowing fragrance sheds o'er those
Now numbered with the dead!

My life is like the winter rose,
That waits but for the night,
To fold its leaflets ere it goes
Forever from the sight!

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MOPSA THE FAIRY. By Jean Ingelow. With Eight Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869. Cobb, Pritchard & Co., Chicago. Pp. 150; 16mo. Price, \$1.25.

We venture to predict that "*Mopsa*" adds one more to the few truly successful child books; and we shall be not a little surprised if the adventures of little "Jack" do not become strangely familiar to many a delighted household of older children. Jean Ingelow is one of those rare natures whose fairy wand of fancy makes us all children again, and we are carried, quite unawares, back again to those happy days when our own little world had "many world's more,"—only too charmed with a fresh peep at the old wonder-land. We somehow feel that the blithe fairy scenes of "life's young day" made the true side of the picture, after all. It is a great gain in this dull after-life of ours to become a child again with the children at our feet, if but for a passing moment; and we welcome the spell of Miss Ingelow's magic art. The children, we know, will not object to being introduced to a more modern and nobler race of "wee folk" than the "Black Forest" border-land has thus far revealed to them, and will rejoice, no doubt, to find that abused horses and old apple-women are not forgotten in the fairy world now-a-days.

Miss Ingelow succeeds remarkably well in reconciling the boldest flights of fancy with a certain necessary degree of probability. Just here we think it is that so many writers in this field of literature fail. The fiction seems to be mere absurdity, and disgusts instead of pleases. There is an adroitness and tact displayed, too, in passing from one predicament to another, in "*Mopsa*,"

that is inimitable, and would alone stamp the author's genius; and the "That's all!" with which the story ends is so natural that we can hardly realize it does not fall from the lips of that dear old "auntie" of our childhood, as we stand again at her knee with our inquiring, upturned look. The songs interspersed through the book are in Miss Ingelow's usual happy vein, and the "Shepherd Lady" we deem worthy of special mention.

We notice in two or three instances the common English error in the use of "shall" for "will," and the reverse; but when such writers as Macaulay set the example in this regard, due allowance should no doubt be made.

On the whole, the author can not complain of the dress her publishers have given "*Mopsa*,"—although more money on the wood-cuts would have paid, we think.

"*Mopsa*" is just a little suggestive of another fairy tale that has become household property—"Little Alice in Wonderland;" and we should not be surprised to know that the author was well acquainted with it. There are certain unconscious resemblances between the two—the same odd transitions and queer way of putting things, so marked in "Little Alice." This is particularly noticeable in Jack's dream, when charmed to sleep by little *Mopsa*'s story in the land of the "one-foot-one" fairies—that same wonderfully grotesque imagery, that stepping over into the realm of careless vagaries, which almost unpleasantly suggests insanity. We consider this a decided blemish on "Little Alice's Adventures," but doubt whether it is marked enough to be censurable in "*Mopsa*." The children

will all do well to make the acquaintance of Faxa and Dow, who have to be "wound up," and are allowed to "run down" when they are naughty fairies.

CREDO. Anonymous. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1869. Kenney & Sumner, Chicago. Pp. 444; 12mo. Price, \$1.50.

In this day and age of endless book-making, when so many new books have to be "skimmed," and so few comparatively merit any more careful scrutiny, the importance of a well-chosen, concise and suggestive title is becoming fully realized. The Doctor Nares style of book-christening seems to be fast going out of fashion, and authors of good sense now-a-days seldom send forth their literary progeny staggering under a title of Brobdingagian proportions.

The author of "Credo" evidently understood this, and we congratulate him on being eminently successful at least in the christening of his offspring. The design of the book apparently is to answer the purposes of a compendium of already discovered but scattered truths, and by bringing them into a systematized and natural juxtaposition, thus to furnish the religious world, as well as the people at large, with a new base of operations for future inquiry. It is not so much an advance to the front on the part of Orthodoxy as a marshalling and concentrating of its forces and supplies; not so much a distribution of new armor, offensive and defensive, as a furbishing up of the old and tried; a calling in of the outposts and skirmishers for a more systematic advance by entrenchment and parallel; a bugle-call to the loiterers and the unwary; and a careful reconnoitering of the position and strength of its foes.

The first part, which the author calls "Supernatural Book," is a careful inspection by all the light of historic and scientific fact of the deep-dug and wide-

reaching entrenchments of prophecy and the Mosaic account of creation; and a more thorough survey of the new parallels being run out from the old against the advances of skepticism and so-called modern science.

In the second part "Supernatural Beings" are considered and discussed in the light of revealed truth, as well as the phenomena of mental and moral science. What the author considers the true orthodox definition of the Trinity, as tested by the Evangelical work, is stated perspicuously and to some length—a definition that will no doubt interest all students of theology. The personality of Satan is confidently reaffirmed, and a strong chain of deductive reasoning in addition to the usual simplest interpretation of Revelation on this point given. The author differs in his interpretation quite materially, in some respects, from Milton, Montgomery, Southey, and the rest of that school, as well as from the extreme views of Luther and Calvin. He also corrects some popular errors on the subject of Satan's ubiquity. Permitted and prohibited Spiritualism are also carefully defined, and some hints given which will interest any one who has thought at all on these subjects.

The third part is devoted to a statement of the "Evangelical View of Conversion, Supernatural Life as Related to Faith, Works and the Atonement of Christ," and a consideration of the various theories of salvation, as held by the prominent champions of the faith, with the author's conclusion in regard to the whole matter as tested by the light of Orthodoxy.

The fourth part examines the evidence of the future existence of man, and his resurrection; inquires into the nature and operations of conscience and memory, making some points here of interest to the student of mental and moral science, but eliciting no remarkably new or startling truths.

The chapter on "The Scriptural Statements Respecting the Thralldom of Character," is one of exceeding interest, and contains a very clear statement of some doctrines which are not well or generally understood, at least among the laity, and which we are inclined to think the clergy would do well to make more of in their sermons.

The last chapter of the third part is on "The Old Heavens and Earth Displaced by the New," with the argument upon which this belief rests, as drawn from biblical, traditional and secular history. The psychologico-scriptural argument is given also.

The skepticism of Thomas the Disciple is held up to view and analyzed in the last, or fifth part; its relation to skepticism in general is shown, and a method laid down by which Christian doubts and skepticism may be removed.

We imagine the clergy will all want to look into this book, and a wide diversity of opinion will no doubt prevail in regard to the correctness of some of its views, among the so-called Orthodox. However this may be, it will surely be widely read and profitable to many as a "*multum in parvo*," if not accepted as a "*quod erat demonstrandum*."

WANDERING RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOMEWHAT BUSY LIFE. By John Neal. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869. Cobb, Pritchard & Co., Chicago. Pp. 450; 12mo. Price, \$2.00.

There is a certain air of *sang froid* and perfect *abandon* in the style of this book that is decidedly new in the history of American literature. The reader is tempted at the first page or two to throw down the book in disgust at the outrageous egotism of the writer. But then he reflects—why, its an autobiography, and one ought to expect the author to write about himself principally. He reads on, more and more captivated with the charming gossip

and prattle of the old man, amused with his well-told anecdotes, delighted with his keen wit, intensely interested with the fresh pictures of the men and times he draws, not a little instructed with his freely expressed views on all subjects—whether upon the earth, under the earth, or in the heavens, it seems to matter not—until, like the infatuated lover who comes to love even the mole on his mistress's cheek, so the reader finds himself actually fascinated with the conceit which at first so repulsed him.

It is one of those books which have no beginning or end apparently—can be read two minutes or two hours at a time, and never found dull—like an intimate friend whose society requires no formal dress or address, but takes you as you are and always finds you agreeable. We do not know of a book destined to be more interesting in a certain way to the literary men of this country. People like to know what contemporaries and members of the same literary clubs think and have to say about each other, and it is not unpleasant at all to be placed *vis-a-vis* with such men as Roebuck, Grote, the Benthames, Mill, Austin, Canning, and Bowring, and get a glimpse of the inside working of the Westminster and Edinburgh Review affairs. Then he gives us such racy, spicy sketches of men and times in the past fifty years of our own national history, that the book can not fail to be of interest to the public at large—the "inside" view of Quaker life, for instance, or the origin of the Woman Suffrage question, or the incipency of the Temperance cause.

But want of space forbids us to say more than to pronounce this, though a "somewhat" faulty and loosely written book, yet, on the whole, a very attractive and readable one—overflowing, as it does, with good nature, good sense, and information that every body is only too glad to get.

A KEY TO THE KNOWLEDGE AND USE OF THE HOLY BIBLE. By J. H. Blunt, M. A., Editor of "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer; author of "Household Theology," etc., etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Cobb, Pritchard & Co., Chicago. Pp. 145; 12mo.

This little volume certainly presents a very neat and compact appearance, with its tasteful binding, thick, substantial paper, and clear type. Its title might have been better chosen, we think, and hardly indicates the true nature of the book. For its purport seems to be to serve as a succinct compendium of collected facts *about* the Bible, and as a vehicle for conveying certain church views in regard to the proper study and use of the same. If it were truly a key to the knowledge of the Bible, it should serve to unlock its mysteries and explain its obscure passages; and if a key to the various sources from which our knowledge *about* the Bible is obtained, then notes and references to the various authorities ought to have been given.

The author appears to have done his work of compilation well and conscientiously, and has succeeded in getting very much valuable information into small space. As much can not be said for all of his views in regard to the proper use and study of the Bible. His definition of Revelation, too—page 65—we should object to as not being full enough. In connection with what he says of the Vatican, Alexandrine and Sinaitic manuscripts, we were surprised to find no mention of the Tischendorf edition of the New Testament, which

has been coming out from time to time for the past two or three years, embodying references to all the best manuscripts and authorities, and the results of all past scholarly research in this field; and in view of so much dissatisfaction existing on all sides with the King James's version, we were not prepared for quite so unqualified a recommendation of it as we find here.

There are many, too, who will disagree with the author's views in regard to the infallibility of church interpretation of creeds. The appendix containing definitions of peculiar Bible terms, is something that will commend itself to all; and we feel constrained to recommend the book as a whole to the notice of the clergy, as well as teachers and scholars of Bible classes. For it contains facts that teachers at least all want to know, and would have to hunt libraries through to otherwise obtain.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE STARLESS CROWN, AND OTHER POETICAL SELECTIONS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869. Cobb, Pritchard & Co., Chicago, Pp. 264; 12mo.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN EUROPE. The Journal of Two Years Sojourn in Germany, Switzerland, France and Italy. By Mrs. S. R. Urbino. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1869. Kenney & Sumner, Chicago. Pp. 338; 12mo. Price, \$1.50.

VILLA EDEN: The Country-House on the Rhine. By Berthold Auerbach. Part III. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869. Cobb, Pritchard & Co., Chicago.



Schuyler Colfax

VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

